



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07603426 7

The New York Public Library

* *
The Merle Johnson

Collection

1935

8-NE
Neck



EARL RUPERT,

AND OTHER TALES AND POEMS,

BY JAMES NACK.

WITH A

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

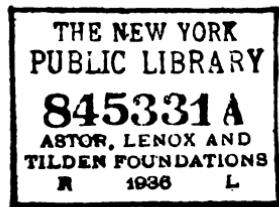
BY P. M. WETMORE.

NEW-YORK :

GEGORGE ADLARD, 168 BROADWAY.

MDCCCLXXXIX.

Dup. to
Be Kept



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by

JAMES NACK,

In the Clerk's office of the Southern District of New-York.

G. P. SCOTT, PRINTER.

TO HIM WHOSE GENIUS

IS THE

PRIDE OF HIS COUNTRY

AND

THE ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD,

TO

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.	
EARL RUPERT.	3
MY BLUE EYED CHILD.	22
MIGNONNE.	24
THE ROMANCE OF THE RING.	26
THE BELL SONG.	53

Tales.

THE BATTLE OF THE SNAKES.	67
THE CONQUEROR'S RETURN.	69
THE PEARL-HANDED KNIFE.	76
THE ENCHANTED CUP.	82
GOOD NIGHT, MAMMA.	85
THE LAST GAME.	87
MARY'S BEE.	93
THE SUICIDE.	94
CATCHING A FOX.	95
THE OLD CLOCK.	97
LEONORA.	104

CONTENTS.

vi

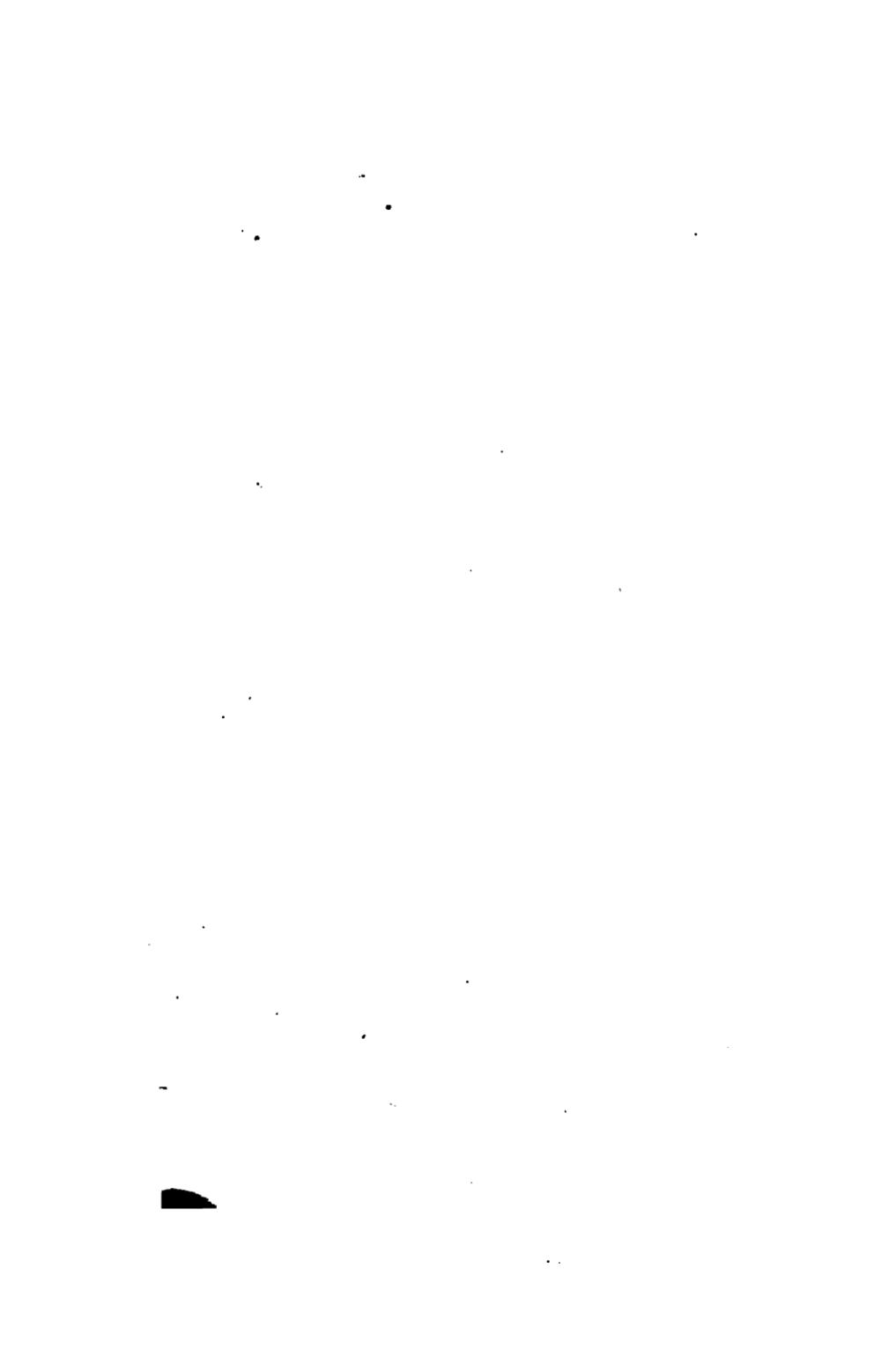
My Cousin.

LAW PROCEEDINGS.....	117
THE INDEPENDENT BANNER OF TRUTH.....	120
RAT CATCHING.....	137
MY GRANDFATHER'S WIG.....	140
A CHAPTER ON CURLS.....	153
LAW REPORTS.....	158
LAST WORDS OF A BACHELOR.....	162

Miscellaneous Poems.

WALTER SCOTT AND WASHINGTON IRVING.....	173
FOREST MUSINGS.....	176
MY CAP.....	179
THE WAR HORSE.....	180
AN EPISTLE TO E. PARMLY.....	181
THE PICTURE.....	186
MY WIFE.....	188
THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PEOPLE.....	190
YOUNG NAPOLEON AT HIS FATHER'S GRAVE.....	194
THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.....	196
THE BIRTH OF PRINTING.....	198
SPRING IS COMING.....	201
LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.....	202
THE SUN.....	203
WHAT SHOULD WE DO, MY BROTHER.....	204

A WINTER ASPIRATION.....	205
SONG OF AUSTERLITZ.....	206
MY PRETTY BIRDS.....	207
BRIDAL SONG.....	208
WEDDED LOVE.....	209
A THOUGHT OF THE PAST.....	211
REST, BABY, REST.....	ib.
ON THE DEATH OF MY DOG BOZ.....	212
A CHRISTMAS GREETING.....	214
THE FLOWER OF LOVE.....	215
MY LOVE, LOVES ME.....	ib
CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.....	217
TO MIGNONNE.....	218
GREATNESS.....	220



MEMOIR.

M E M O I R .



INTRODUCTORY MEMOIR.

IN the subject of this sketch we find verified the remark of Horace, now become almost trite, that poets are born, not made. Had not James Nack been deeply imbued by nature with

“ The vision and the faculty divine ;”

had he not been impelled by an irresistible love and a feeling for his art, he never could have overcome the numerous, and seemingly insurmountable difficulties, which met him at every turn in the opening of his career. It is indeed a mental phenomenon, that one deprived of the sense of hearing, should be able to appreciate correctly the qualities of language, and to hold discourse

“ With all the glorious harmonies of earth.”

Cut off in early youth from that familiar, genial intercourse, which sweetens the days of childhood, and smooths the path to knowledge, his sole reliance was on his own natural resources—an intellect, vigorous and clear; an imagination, vivid and far-reaching; and a resolution, that could meet and subdue the irreparable calamity of his life.

The materials for a memoir of Mr. Nack are necessarily very imperfect. In the life of one isolated from the world, struggling with manly fortitude against an adverse fate, there are few incidents that can be moulded to the purposes of biography ; but the history of such a career is not without an interest which enlists the sympathy of the reader, and furnishes an instructive lesson in the philosophy of the human mind.

The remarks of Washington Irving, in reference to the poet Campbell, are so peculiarly applicable to the present case, that their introduction will not be deemed inappropriate :— “ We are as ignorant respecting the biography of most living authors of celebrity, as though they had existed ages before our time ; and indeed are better informed concerning the characters and lives of authors who have long since passed away, than of those who are actually adding to the stores of our literature. Few think of writing the anecdotes of a distinguished character while living. His intimates, who of course are most capable, are prevented by their very intimacy, little thinking those domestic habits and peculiarities, which an every-day acquaintance has made so trite and familiar to themselves, can be objects of curiosity to all the world besides.”

James Nack was born in the city of New York. While yet a child, the fortunes of his father who was a merchant, suffered severely by the reverses of trade. This adversity fell heavily upon the subject of these remarks, for it deprived him of many of the advantages of education ; indeed the only instruction he received at this period was from a sister, in the few moments of leisure which she could spare from domestic occupations. The native strength of his mind and his ardent longing for know-

ledge, triumphed over all opposing obstacles, and in his fourth year he could read with perfect facility. His powers of versification began to dawn even at this tender age, and before his ninth year, he had acquired some knowledge of rythm, and considerable command of language.

It was about this period that an accident occurred which has thrown a cloud over his whole life, and in a measure shut him out from the intimate communion of his fellow-beings. While descending a flight of stairs, with a little playmate in his arms, his foot slipped ; in his fall he caught at a heavy piece of furniture which fell upon his head, crushing and mangling it so severely, that for several hours no sign of life appeared, and many weeks elapsed before consciousness returned. The tympanum of the ear being injured, his hearing was irrevocably lost, and as a natural consequence, the faculty of speech gradually declined.

When at length his health was sufficiently restored, he was received into that noble and philanthropic establishment, the institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, where under the kind and judicious care of the Principal, he made rapid progress in the ordinary branches of education.

On retiring from the institution, he determined upon prosecuting his studies with the aid of such few books as he could obtain. The result may be given in the words of the late Samuel L. Knapp, in his "Sketches of Public Characters :"

" His acquirements at this early age, in the languages and all the branches of knowledge ordinary and extraordinary, are superior to those of any young man of the same age I ever met with.

There is a strength and maturity about his mind rarely to be found in those who have experienced no such deprivation as he has been visited with. His criticisms have a sagacity and shrewdness unequalled by those who were critics before he was born. He acquires a language with the most astonishing facility. No one I ever knew could do it with the same readiness except the late learned orientalist, George Bethune English. Nack unites, in a degree truly astonishing, those two seemingly inconsistent qualities, *restlessness* and *perseverance*. He reads and writes, and does all things as though he had just breathed the Delphic vapour, and perseveres as though he was chained to the spot by some talismanic power. He is a bunch of delicate fibres, too susceptible for composure; or rather of nerves, jarred to agony if struck by a rude hand. Poetical beings are often too sensitive when in possession of every natural property and gift, but in a situation like Nack's, the pulses of the heart seem to beat in our sight, without even the thinnest skin to hide them, open to every blast of a cold and cruel world. But in a few years our gifted author will find things changing around him; and his youthful labours will become the foundation-stones of a goodly edifice, in the fashioning of which he has learned the skill of a literary architect, and acquired the strength to raise a temple of imperishable fame for his own and his country's glory."

Until his fifteenth year, the effusions of the young poet had attracted little notice. From his retiring and solitary habits, he had formed few acquaintances, and among them, none capable of appreciating his powers, or encouraging their development. It was the little poem of the *Blue-Eyed Maid*,

written in his fourteenth year, that opened his career to fame. He had given a copy to a young friend who showed it to his father, Mr. Abraham Asten, a gentleman of cultivated mind and correct taste. The favourable opinion of the poet's talents thus formed, being fully sustained by an examination of his other productions, this gentleman introduced him to several distinguished literary characters, by whose advice a volume of poems was published, selected from productions written between his fourteenth and seventeenth years. This volume was received with great favour by the public. Of one of these pieces, Colonel Knapp observes— “In his sixteenth year he wrote, with many other poems, that beautiful effort of genius, *the Minstrel Boy*. This came from his heart, and it reaches the heart of every reader. It has a deep tone of feeling, a sweetness of language and an ease of versification, that will secure its immortality.”

In alluding to this volume, the New England Magazine, a work of high character for its critical acumen, remarks:—“For precocity of talent and attainment under circumstances peculiarly unpropitious, James Nack, the deaf and dumb poet of New-York, is an intellectual wonder. As far as known, Christendom contains nothing comparable to him. All things considered, Chatterton did not equal him. He has not yet attained his twentieth year. He has known none of the advantages of a liberal education, has never had until recently free access to books, and has felt through life the unsparing hand of poverty and misfortune: and yet he has written much, and many of his productions are of a high order; all of them are marked with the rich and fervid outpourings of genius. For intensity,

and all that gives to poetry its highest character, they are certainly not surpassed, we think not equalled, by any of the early productions of Lord Byron ; and those juvenile offerings of the noble bard have never received the commendations they merit. It is not too much to say of this gifted young American, that when matured by time and finished by labour, some of his future efforts in song may equal the happiest of those that have immortalized the author of *Childe Harold.*"

Among others whose notice was attracted by the writings of Nack, was an eminent member of the bar in this city, who employed him in his office, and gave him the use of an extensive and well selected library. "This situation," says Colonel Knapp, "opened a new world to him. He revelled in fresh delights ; devoured books upon poetry, history, philosophy, fiction, mathematics, politics, ethics, criticism, and theology. He wrote as well as read on all these subjects ; formed a thousand theories, and tore them up root and branch for new creations."

On the departure of his employer for Europe, Nack was engaged by Mr. Asten, at that period Clerk of the city and county, as an assistant in his office. From this gentleman, and his official successors, as well as from Colonel Warner, under whose able and efficient supervision, the active duties of the office have been conducted for many years, he has received the strongest proofs of friendship, esteem and confidence. The dry details of legal papers, the monotonous toil of searching the musty records of the courts, however uncongenial to the poetical temperament, have no power to turn him from the path

of duty. He enters thoroughly into the spirit of his various labours, and discharges them with a zeal and ability which probably few could equal, and which has secured for him not only the confidence of his employers, but the warm regard and esteem of the members of the bar. In the early part of the year 1838, Mr. Nack married an amiable young lady, to whom he had been attached almost from her childhood; and who, it is to be hoped, realizes the beautiful delineation of a wife, which will be found in this volume.

Of the contents of the present work, it may be proper to observe, that the *Romance of the Ring*, and several of the minor pieces, were written in the author's seventeenth year. The specimens of translations exhibit a remarkable facility in entering into the spirit of foreign writers, and equal skill in clothing their ideas in well chosen language. The author's power in this respect is most conspicuous in the poem of *Leonora*, which, as a German critic has observed, "is remarkable in every point of view. Taylor, Scott, and others of less note, have attempted this singular ballad, but have effected no more than to give the reader an outline of the story, and even that unnecessarily altered. Mr. Nack has given us a translation almost literal in words, and identical in spirit. His success in conveying to an English ear the imitation of sounds which the original conveys to the German, is truly wonderful, considering his own deprivation of the faculty of hearing. In reading the night-ride, we forget that we are perusing a narrative; we seem to be ourselves upon the road; we rise and fall with the bound of the panting steed; the bridges thunder beneath us; hills, woods and vales fly past us right and left; and "the heavens

with every star" disappear in the rapidity of the flight. In his *Bell-Song*, so far as he adheres to Schiller, he walks side by side with the original ; and where he departs from the German author, it is certainly not to fall behind him. The battle-piece, of which there is no trace in Schiller, may rank with the finest passages in the poem."

Mr. Nack has long had it in contemplation to undertake a free translation of *Goethe's Faust*; and after reading the preceding remarks of a competent judge, upon a kindred work of our author, we are induced to hope that the opportunity may yet present itself for the accomplishment of his object, than which none could be found more worthy of his intellectual power and poetic genius. To read and appreciate justly the glorious creations of the German poet, is a privilege accorded to few English-students ; but to ascend with him in the high heaven of invention, when his "garland and singing robes" are about him, and bring thence the rapt minstrelsy of the mighty bard, is a consummation of poetical dignity and renown, that may well excite the ambition of one emulous of a name which the world would not willingly let die.

The productions of Nack were noticed in a spirit of enlightened criticism in one of the earlier numbers of the *Critic*, a periodical published in this city about ten years since, and edited with signal ability and independence by one who, while the pen is tracing these lines, has gone to a premature grave. In that notice, Mr. Leggett thus eloquently alludes to the subject of these remarks :—"One of the distinguishing characteristics of Nack's poetry is the smoothness of its versification ; and we cannot but look upon it as a matter of surprise that he, over

whose head the crashing thunder rolls unheard, and who is locked up in perpetual silence, as unbroken as that of death, should yet be able to give to thought such euphonious language, and arrange it with such invariable regard to rythm."

"Another circumstance that we were not prepared to find in the poetry of our young minstrel, is that a large proportion of his illustrations are drawn—and, in many instances, with singular aptness and propriety—from sources which we should suppose totally inaccessible to him. The breeze *whispers*, the foliage *rusiles*, the streams *murmur* and *gurgle*, and the birds *carol* "their native wood-notes wild," in his stanzas, blending their various sounds into the same delicious harmony, which, in nature, so often creates delight in the breasts of those who have ears to hear."

The variety indicated in the contents of the present volume, exhibits a versatility of talents in our author, which would appear still more extraordinary if a list were given of his unpublished writings and anonymous contributions to various periodicals. Among his manuscripts are moral and religious essays, novels, dramatic pieces, and poems upon a variety of subjects, none of which he considers worthy of publication, but upon which others might place a very different estimate. He has now reached the period of manhood; and his maturer efforts, the productions of the little leisure allowed by the active duties of his station, afford abundant evidence of intellectual culture, and fully sustain the brilliant promises of his youth. The copiousness of diction, the general precision of language, as well as correctness of rythm and rhyme, are indeed remarkable in one who was deprived, at so early a period of life, of the principal avenue

by which to arrive at a correct knowledge of the meaning and melody of words.

Mr. Nack's habits are regular and retired. The domestic attractions of home have a greater charm for him than the allurements of the world. The amusements and excitements of society can rarely win him from his books or his desk. He is averse to mixed company, reserved in the presence of strangers, but familiar and playful in the circle of his select friends; of strong passions, quick to resent, but quicker to forgive; prone to act upon the impulse of the moment; of a disposition gentle, generous, and sincere. He is fond of children, and successful in engaging their affections. With such qualities of mind and heart, it is not surprising that he secures the warm regard of those who have the happiness of his acquaintance, nor that he is most esteemed by those who know him best.

NEW-YORK, *July 1, 1839.*

EARL RUPERT.

by which to arrive at a correct knowledge of the meaning and melody of words.

Mr. Nack's habits are regular and retired. The domestic attractions of home have a greater charm for him than the allurements of the world. The amusements and excitements of society can rarely win him from his books or his desk. He is averse to mixed company, reserved in the presence of strangers, but familiar and playful in the circle of his select friends; of strong passions, quick to resent, but quicker to forgive; prone to act upon the impulse of the moment; of a disposition gentle, generous, and sincere. He is fond of children, and successful in engaging their affections. With such qualities of mind and heart, it is not surprising that he secures the warm regard of those who have the happiness of his acquaintance, nor that he is most esteemed by those who know him best.

NEW-YORK, *July 1, 1839.*

EARL RUPERT.



EARL RUPERT.

Part First.

“THE sun has left the skies, love,
And earth, to gloomy night;
But wilt thou not arise, love,
A sun of sweeter light?
Unshroud those eyes, whose splendor,
When they upon me break,
My soul shall sunlight render—
Oh, lady-love, awake !”

He paus'd, but still he fix'd his eye
Upon the balcony on high;
There came a sound so light, the ear
Of love alone had power to hear;
And slowly and tremblingly was raised
The lattice, on which he eagerly gazed,
And disclosed a figure, all in white,
Save that her locks were dark as night;
Convuls'd by shame and fear and grief,
She trembled like an aspen leaf;

Against the quivering bars she lean'd,
And with her hands her feature's screen'd :—
 His arms were open flung,
But fixedly the lady stood
 So long, that words of angry mood
 Were rushing to his tongue ;
But they were instantly repress'd,
 And thus the lady he address'd
 As mildly as he could ;
“ Why shouldst thou fly a lover's arms,
 The surest shelter from alarms ?
Oh come to me, my bird of love !
 Fly to my bosom like a dove !
And thou shalt find a shelter there,
 From every sorrow, fear, and care ;
And sooner than an arrow, hurl'd
 By danger, should upon thee fall,
This arm would cope with all the world,
 And nerved by love, would conquer all !
What canst thou fear while I am near,
 That trembling thus thou art reclined ?
What has thy home than me more dear,
 That thou shouldst weep to leave behind ?”
“ My father——”
 With a hasty stride
The knight impatient turn'd aside,
 But slowly back he came ;
His brow was dark with wrath and pride,

And he with passion quivering cried,—
“ Is this thy love !—for shame !—
Thy father ! he who tears apart
The links that bind us heart to heart,
But ill deserves the name !
Thy father ! call’st thou Edric such ?
Then may’st thou hate thy father much,
And little be to blame !
For who of all the world hath wrought
Thy misery most ? and who hath sought
To make that misery greater still,
And if thou dost not fly him, will ?
Who—who but Edric—may such curse
As he would doom us—and a worse—
Burst on the hoary villain——”

“ Spare—
Oh spare my father—curse him not——.”
“ Well, lady, it shall be my prayer,
That be what may our future lot,
Such lot may Edric bear—
Then come, my love—or thou art loth
To bless me and thy father both !
Oh come !—behold him there !”
She turns—she sees her father stand,
With weapon gleaming in his hand ;—
His reverend lineaments reveal
Far mightier arms than those of steel—

His silver locks—his tottering limbs—
His eyes, which age or anguish dims—
The quivering lip—the bosom's swell,—
Which choke his utterance of her name,
All feelings from her breast repel,
Opposed to filial duty's claim,
And sink her at her father's feet,
A suppliant sorrowful and sweet.
“ Dear father! —”

With a sudden bound
The knight is at her side,
He clasps, springs with her to the ground—
“ Away, my love! my bride! ”—
He throws her on his gallant steed,
He mounts behind—with lightning speed
From Edric's sight they ride.

Away! away! they dash along
Upon that courser fleet and strong,
And the swift rushing of the air
Snatch'd the breath of the lady fair;
She could not shriek, she could not speak,
She scarce could move a limb;
With a convulsive grasp, but weak,
Her arms encircled him,
Who while they madly hurried by,
Never upon her turn'd his eye,

Till they a forest's border gain'd ;
But then the knight his courser rein'd,
And turn'd to her, and bade her keep
Her seat, by clinging to the mane.

He took the courser by the rein,
Then plunging in the forest deep,
With furious dash he thrust aside
The branches that a path denied,
Muttering a curse at the delay,
While toiling thus to force a way.

An hour or more was thus employ'd,
And scarce he had a moment joy'd
To find the open plain attain'd,
When lo ! he saw his courser rein'd
By an unwelcome hand !
Oh then the lady's eye was dim,
And her brain began to swim,
For forth he drew his brand—
She darted to the ground, and kneeling,
Raised to his face a look appealing—
But vain was the appeal to him—
He lopt away the shrivell'd limb ;
The blood of the father, red and hot,
Into the face of the daughter shot !
And shrieks of horror from her drew,
As it were burning her through and through !

She reel'd against a tree, and there
Reclined a statue of despair,
Till waken'd by her father's moan,
 She darted from the tree ;
She knelt ; her arms were round him thrown,
 To prop him on her knee ;
His drooping eyes were slowly raised,
But when they on his daughter gazed,
They with indignant lightnings blazed :
He waved his mangled limb—" Away !
 Away, thou parricide !"
In wrath he tore his locks of grey,
 With his own blood bedyed !
He struggled from her trembling hold,
Then on the ground unconscious roll'd.

And she upon the ground remain'd,
Upon her hand and knee sustain'd,
So pale and still, she might have seem'd
 The model of a sculptor's art,
Save that her eye a lustre beam'd
 No sculptor could impart,
And her dishevell'd tresses stream'd
In darkness, yet in brightness gleam'd.

" Arise, my lady-love. We must
In sooth confess that heaven is just !

He sought my death—the dotard!—well!
What death may be he now can tell!
I heard him once within his halls,
Ere I was banish'd from their walls,
Reciting in a goodly strain
That death is but the end of pain!
And it becomes a duteous child
His doctrine to receive;
Then to his fate be reconciled,
For thou canst well believe
That all his pains are at an end,
And thus am I approved his friend!
And therefore may I well demand
To be rewarded with thy hand;
And he hath the example shown,
In that he has resign'd his own!"

He whistled to his gallant steed,
Which bounded to his side;
"Come, lady fair! we must proceed!
For we have far to ride!"

He laid his hand upon her arm,
And rous'd her from her trance.
She started up in wild alarm,
Around she threw her glance;
But when it on her father fell,
Burst from her a convulsive yell.

“ Be silent ! fool !” exclaim’d the knight,
While glared his eyes with demon light ;
But vain for him to look or speak
In menace ; shriek succeeded shriek,
Till they were borne to many an ear—
The knight enraged, beheld appear,
On every side, a coming foe,
And forced his purpose to forego,
While loud and deep his curses rung,
In haste upon his steed he sprung.

Part Second.

Amid the halls of revelry,
Around Earl Rupert stand
The beauty and the chivalry,
The chosen of the land ;
The king himself has deign’d to grace
His minion’s festival ;
Yet stands Earl Rupert in the place,
The goodliest of them all ;
And truly had a stranger seen
His noble form and regal mien,
He would have deem’d, of all the ring,
Could none but Rupert be the king.

The monarch leans his arm upon,
And thanks the deeds that arm has done
 His country's rights to save ;
And then looks up to his the eye,
Applausive, of the circle by,
 The beautiful, the brave !
The king is speaking ; Rupert bends
His stately head, and pleased attends,
With sparkling eye and glowing cheek—
 But whence this sudden change ?
He staggers like an infant weak,
And from him bursts a thrilling shriek—
 How pale his cheek ! 'tis strange !
How wild, how fix'd his eye-balls glare !
What hath he seen ?
 “ Look there ? look there !”

'Twas Edric with his handless arm !
 The knight against a pillar sunk ;
All was confusion and alarm ;
 The timid fled, the bravest shrunk.
While motionless the knight reclined,
He gather'd up his strength of mind,
And suddenly he rais'd his head ;
 To Edric he advanced
With fearless and impatient tread ;
 His eyes derision glanced.

“I care not much to see the dead
At festivals,” he smiling said ;
“But dead or living, friend or foe,
I bid thee free to come and go,
E'en for thy daughter's sake!”
“I live ! for till the end is gain'd
For which in life I have remain'd,
My heart despairs to break !
I live for justice, and before
My king, that justice I implore !”

And at these words, before the king
Upon his knee he fell ;
Around him press'd an eager ring,
To hear what he might tell,
For those who fled at first had now
Return'd; and though with careless brow
Earl Rupert heard his foe's complaint,
His rage and shame 'twere ill to paint,
To think what eyes were on his face,
While he was charged with dire disgrace,
The eyes that late admiring gazed,
While royalty his prowess praised !
He smiled—and as he smiled, he swore
His enemy should smile no more.

When Edric ceased, there burst a cry
Of horror from the throng,
And Rupert read in every eye
Their indignation strong,
And beauty shudder'd at his glance,
And knighthood grasp'd a vengeful lance ;
But all were hush'd when the command
Was given, that Rupert forth should stand
 And answer for his fame ;
And forth with dignity he stept—
“ From me it hath been secret kept
 If I have been to blame ;
For innocently have I thought
That what I've done was rightly wrought.

“ Nay, hear me—'twas no villain's part
To woo his child, or win her heart,
For I can boast of equal birth
And fortune, higher fame and worth ;
And yet the cause I can suspect
That Edric would my suit reject :
Not that, according to his lie,
My passions were too fierce and high,
For him to trust me with his child,
So timid, delicate and mild ;
Although a soldier's ways are rough,
She trusted me, that was enough.

But Edric would her hand bestow
On one avow'd my sovereign's foe—
A rebel chieftain, at whose side
To battle had been Edric's pride,
Till the pretender fell,
And Edric, with his rebel friend,
For pardon were compell'd to bend—
They earn that pardon well !
What could their hate upon me call ?
My loyalty—and that is all !

“ And say, hath not this wretch profaned
The name of father ? well he knew
That I his daughter's heart had gain'd,
And that my own repaid her too :
And yet he, for a dotard's sake,
His daughter's heart, and mine, would break !
Oh think, ye ladies young and fair,
Whose beauty may with hers compare ;
Oh think, what hardship for your charms,
To wither in a grey-beard's arms,
And from a chosen lover part
Of goodly frame, and glowing heart !
And could I leave to fate so drear
The lady whom I loved the best ?
My faith ! it would degrade my crest,
And blot the name of chevalier !

I saved her from a wretched fate :
And let these damsels tell,
Whose strictest judgment I await,
Hath Rupert acted well ?”

At first a murmur of applause
Betray'd the triumph of his cause——
“ Earl Rupert acted well !”
But Edric for his sole reply
Display'd his limb to every eye
Which chill'd them like a spell ;
And in the eyes of all around
Reproach and doubt Earl Rupert found.

“ Yet hear me further !” he exclaim'd :
You'll find that I have been
In this at least unjustly blamed,
Whatever else my sin ;
For when with me the lady fled
For shelter from the sentence dread,
Her father sword in hand pursued,
Which in her blood had been imbrued,
Had I not been her shield :
He faced me then in mortal fight,
And certes, it was not for a knight
To either fly or yield !
He forced the strife ; by heaven's decree
Beneath my arm he fell :

Then say, ye flower of chivalry,
Hath Rupert acted well?"
In loud applause arose the shout—
"Earl Rupert acted well!"
Yet this the monarch's look of doubt
Avail'd not to dispel ;
For Edric answer'd the defence
In silence that was eloquence.

"Yet hear me further!" Rupert said ;
"I must disclose the cause,
That, more than all, upon my head
Sir Edric's vengeance draws :
I once was in his halls a guest,
And not unwelcome quite,
Howbeit that he welcomed best,
The pardon'd rebel knight :
Before me once that rebel chief
Began to whine his patriot grief,
That we had for our king forsooth,
A feeble and capricious youth !
Obedient to my loyal heart,
I took my injured sovereign's part.
He madden'd at my loyal fire,
And both ere long were high in ire ;
We drew—and one of us had died,

But that at Edric's call
His vassals hasten'd to divide
The combat, while their master cried,
“ Expel him from the hall !”
They dragged me forth, and never more
To me was open'd Edric's door.

“ It sure a loyal knight became
To vindicate his monarch's fame,
And the defamer quell !
My liege, thy judgment let me claim—
Hath Rupert acted well ?”

The king his head assenting bow'd,
While knight and dames acclaim'd aloud,
“ Earl Rupert acted well !”
Then Edric knew his cause was lost ;
His brow a moment's shadow cross'd,
As dark and grim as hell !
His bloody wrist in Rupert's face
He dash'd, then turn'd to leave the place ;
But every knight and courtier ran
To seize the rash insulting man :
“ Death to the traitor ! death !”—
Said Rupert, with benignant smile,
“ Let not his blood your swords defile,
Spare his ignoble breath !

My liege, forgive him—I forgive—
Let the poor crazy dotard live.”

“ Well, for thy sake we are content
To change his doom to banishment;
 Expel him from our sight.”

Again erect Earl Rupert stands,
Encircled by applauding bands,
 While envies every knight,
And every dame extols his ruth,
The merciful, the injured youth !

Part Third.

The royal train has vanish'd all,
And Rupert in his lonely hall
 In moody thought remains ;
Oft to the window he advanced,
And often at the portal glanced ;
 Impatience swell'd his veins,
And to and fro he paced in rage ;
But enters now a breathless page—
 “ My lord, he comes in chains !”
And open wide the portal flew,
Disclosing Edric to his view,
Surrounded by the vassal band—
“ Oh welcome !—I'll excuse your hand ?

Slaves, leave us.—Now we are alone,
Down, villain! on a suppliant knee,
Implore my pardon, whine and groan,
And yet may life be spared to thee.”
“ Away with life! why should I live?
What comfort yet has earth to give?
My child forsook me!”

“ There you err;
Not such the blame belongs to her,
But this her blame, that for your sake
She chose her heart and mine to break;
To turn her from that silly course,
I tore her from her home by force.
Now let within thy heart awake
The demon of remorse,
To wreath with never-dying fire,
Thy ruthless soul, relentless sire,
Think of thy child, the fair, the dear,
The good, the best of earthly sphere,
A houseless, friendless castaway,
Abandoned by her only stay,
To want and shame, and worse;
Behold she lays her down to die,
Nor dares to turn a look on high,
Crushed by a father’s curse!”

“ Not so—the curse is all unsaid—
A father’s blessing on her head!

God's awful curse on thine !
Yet may I clasp her to my breast !
Yet may I live to see her blest,
Whatever lot be mine !”
“Live if you choose ! but not with eyes
To see her blest or otherwise ;
Ho slaves ! the irons—
“ Forbear !”

Earl Rupert started in surprise,
Then shudder'd in despair,
For at the portal stood the king
Attended by a knightly ring,
From which he saw Clorinda spring
To her glad father's heart ;
“ Now God be thanked, perfidious earl,
Who timely sent this injured girl
To warn me what thou art !
Shiver his sword !” the monarch said ;
“ Off with his spurs, and with his head !”

“ Nay,” answer'd Rupert, “ good, my lord !
Be this the way to break my sword !”
And at the royal breast
He aimed with fierce and desperate arm,
But every knight in prompt alarm
To guard his sovereign prest,
And fifty blades met Rupert's one,

But still he scorn'd the strife to shun ;
He battled as became the brave,
And many a wound receiv'd and gave,
Till helpless he reclined :
“ Forbear to do him further harm ;
Alas ! that one so brave of arm
Should be so base of mind ! ”

His gory head Earl Rupert raised,
Dash'd from his eyes the blinding blood
That trickled down in many a flood,
With ghastly look around he gazed,
Then gathering strength, upon his hand
He lean'd, and on his shiver'd brand,—
“ At least it shall be said,
Earl Rupert died a soldier's death,
Nor gasp'd away inglorious breath
Upon a sickly bed.
Far better fall in manly strife,
Than drivel out ignoble life,
And totter to the dead ! ”

His gaze around him wander'd wild,
Till fix'd on Edric and his child,
He waived his hand, and grimly smiled—
“ My lady-love ! farewell ! ”
One struggle—to his feet he sprung,
His arms as in defiance flung
To heaven, and lifeless fell.

“ So perish all,” exclaim’d the king,
“ Who harm to womankind would bring !
Yet, lady, thou hast been to blame,
And Edric too must censure claim.
It cannot be a father’s right
To give his child in her despite ;
And least of all should he engage
Her blooming youth to wither’d age.
But still the daughter should not love
But where the father may approve,
And least of all, deceive his eye
To listen to a lover’s sigh ;
Yet will we pass no censure strong,
Since both have well atoned the wrong,
Content to hope that all at last
May learn some wisdom from the past,”

MY BLUE-EYED CHILD.

Come to my arms, my blue-eyed child !
Whose innocent endearments cheer
A heart, that, of all else despoil'd,
Would still be blest, so thou wert near !

Come to my arms, my blue-eyed child !
And bending o'er my shoulder, fling
Thy golden tresses, rolling wild
In many a soft and sunny ring !

Come to my arms, my blue-eyed child !
And let me, on thy brow of snow,
Pure as thy spirit, undefiled,
The burning kiss of love bestow !

Come to my arms, my blue-eyed child !
When thy dear eyes upon me shine,
So bright, and yet so sweet and mild,
Affection's tears will gush in mine !

MIGNONNE.

SHE calls me “father!”—though my ear
That thrilling name shall never hear,
Yet to my heart affection brings
The sound in sweet imaginings;
I feel its gushing music roll
The stream of rapture on my soul;
And when she starts to welcome me,
And when she totters to my knee,
And when she climbs it, to embrace
My bosom for her hiding place,
And when she nestling there reclines,
And with her arms my neck entwines,
And when her lips of roses seek
To press their sweetness on my cheek,
Or when upon my careful breast
I lull her to her cherub rest,
I whisper o'er the sinless dove,
“I love thee with a father's love!”

ROMANCE OF THE RING.

He seized the reins—from his courser's flanks
Hot blood o'er the rowels splash'd ;
“ Away ! away !” he shouted aloud,
And away, and away, he dash'd.
Away, and away, for many an hour,
He darted, for many a mile ;
The courser smok'd as all on a flame,
And the blood in his veins did boil.
Away, away ! still he dashes on,
As a sinner would fly from death,
Till the courser's bounds grew less and less,
And he labours to heave a breath ;
“ Away ! away !” still the cavalier cried,
Still spurring the coal-black steed ;
But the shout, too faint, and the gore-clogg'd spurs
Too blunt to provoke his speed.
Yet onward he toil'd, till a broad deep stream
On a sudden check'd the path :
The cavalier sprung from the steed to the ground,
And he stamp'd on the ground in wrath ;
He stamp'd on the ground, and he beat his brow,—
One glance at the ring he cast :
Oh ! then might it seem o'er his dread aspect,
The scowl of a demon past !
Again on his coal-black steed he sprung,
And never a word he said,
But the sweat from his courser's mane he wrung,
And patted his bending head ;

ROMANCE OF THE RING.

Part First.

ALL night he rode till the break of day,
Nor paused he at any place ;
The red blood ran on his booted heel,
And the white foam flew in his face ;
The sides of his courser heaved amain,
The sides of his coal-black steed,
And the sweat ran down, and the smoke curl'd up,
Yet slackened he not his speed.
The horse and the rider, away, away !
Shot on like the arrow's whirr,
Till the hand no longer could hold the rein,
Nor the heel could plunge the spur ;
His limbs all droop'd like a dead man's limbs,
But his steed did not pause at all :
Away, away ! was the rider whirl'd—
'Twas wondrous he did not fall !
His finger was girt by a little ring ;
He look'd upon it by chance,
And, with a cry you might hear afar,
He sprang from his drowsy trance ;

He seized the reins—from his courser's flanks
Hot blood o'er the rowels splash'd ;
“ Away ! away !” he shouted aloud,
And away, and away, he dash'd.
Away, and away, for many an hour,
He darted, for many a mile ;
The courser smok'd as all on a flame,
And the blood in his veins did boil.
Away, away ! still he dashes on,
As a sinner would fly from death,
Till the courser's bounds grew less and less,
And he labours to heave a breath ;
“ Away ! away !” still the cavalier cried,
Still spurring the coal-black steed ;
But the shout, too faint, and the gore-clogg'd sp_t
Too blunt to provoke his speed.
Yet onward he toil'd, till a broad deep stream
On a sudden check'd the path :
The cavalier sprung from the steed to the grou_n
And he stamp'd on the ground in wrath ;
He stamp'd on the ground, and he beat his brow
One glance at the ring he cast :
Oh ! then might it seem o'er his dread aspect,
The scowl of a demon past !
Again on his coal-black steed he sprung,
And never a word he said,
But the sweat from his courser's mane he wrung
And patted his bending head ;

The courser neigh'd—with a sudden bound
His rider through air he bore:
He shot to the other side of the stream,
Then fell to rise no more.

Part Second.

THE little blades of the tender grass
The ground in soft verdure hide,
And the leafy boughs of clustering trees
Are nodding on every side ;
And on every bough of every tree
The birds in bright plumage glance,
While to the beat of their tiny feet,
The leaves all around them dance,
And every bird doth most sweetly sing,
And right blithesome is their song,
And the breeze attempers its voice with theirs,
As softly it steals along ;
But a sweeter sound than the song of bird,
Or the murmur of passing air—
Oh ! a sweeter sound by far may be heard—
'Tis the voice of a lady fair.
That lady is fair as lady may be,
Too fair for this world of ours ;
As a blessed vision she might appear,
Come down from the heavenly bowers.

A young boy near her, holds by the rein
A palfrey as white as snow,
For never a speck of other hue
On a hair of his can you show.
His mane is long as a lion's mane,
His tail to the ground is roll'd ;
And he is bedight in caparisons rich,
All gemm'd with silver and gold.
The lady signs, and the little page hastens
With the palfrey to her side ;
She lays her hand on the palfrey's neck,
As if she would mount and ride ;
But there is a rustle among the leaves—
She pauses to know whence it be,
And a man comes forth, and reels to her feet,
And kneels him down on his knee—
He kneels him down on his knee, and signs
The sign of the cross on his breast,
While the lady scanneth his form and face,
And the garb in which he is drest.
His form seems faint as a helpless babe's,
Yet in sooth 'tis a noble one ;
His face drops sweat, as the sky drops rain,
And is red as the setting sun ;
His garb is rich, but in many a place
Is rent, as in furious toil ;
He is booted and spurr'd as should cavalier be,
And his heels have a bloody soil.

The stranger's bosom heaveth amain,
As he kneels to the damsel fair;
His lips are too parch'd to shape a word,
And he hath not a breath to spare.
“ O stranger, what art thou ? and why art thou here ?
And why dost thou kneel on thy knee ?
Arise from thy knee, and stand on thy feet,
And tell me what wouldest thou with me ?”
Again the stranger assay'd to speak,
But assay'd to speak in vain,
For his lips were parch'd as the lips of death,
And his breast still heav'd amain :
He sprang to his feet, he stamp'd on the ground,
And his teeth in fury gnash'd,
And he bit his lip till the blood trickled down,
And his eyes like a demon's flash'd ;
And he laid his hand on the palfrey white,
As if upon it to spring ;
The lady's eye to his finger he turn'd,
Which was girt with a little ring ;
He pointed then to the bloody spur,
And then to a distant way,
And then again to the palfrey white,
But never a word could he say.
“ Beshrew thy meaning,” the lady said,
“ Art thou such ungallant knight,
A lady must tread on a weary foot,
While thou ridest her palfrey white ?”

He put his hand to his girdle then,
And a heavy purse he drew,
And that heavy purse all fill'd with gold,
To the lady's page he threw ;
And a golden chain, with a diamond bright,
He tore from his breast in haste,
And that chain of gold, and that jewel rich,
In the lady's hand he plac'd.
Then to the palfrey he turn'd again ;
But his arm the lady caught :
" Nay, keep thy jewels, and keep thy gold,
The palfrey is thine unbought ;
And I would for thy sake, thou weary knight,
I could give thee a braver steed ;
But here thou must take thy rest awhile,
For rest thou surely dost need."
No word he said, but he shook his head,
And again he pointed away ;
But she held him the faster by the arm—
" Now thou shalt not say me nay!"
She look'd in his face with her eyes so blue,
So beautiful, and so soft,
And the stranger felt his dark eyes melt,
As they had not melted oft.
A light breeze play'd, and her coal-black curls
Were wasted against his cheek,
And the delicate touch thrill'd his every vein,
And render'd his purpose weak ;

But when she lean'd her head, and he felt
 Her cheek imparting its glow
To his own, and her breath to blend with his
 Was sent in a rosy flow,
What wonder that by her charms, such sway
 In that moment was o'er him won,
That could he have spoken, he could but say,
 “Sweet lady, thy will be done!”
Upon a soft bed of thornless flowers,
 The lady bade him recline,
And the little page went at her sign, and brought
 In each hand a goblet of wine.
“Now pledge me, sir knight,” said the lady fair,
 And he raised the brim to his lip;
But he suddenly dash'd his cup to the ground,
 As hers she began to sip;
For the little ring which his finger girt,
 Again attracted his eye,
And he started up from the bed of flowers,
 With a loud and a fearful cry;
She seized his arm, he flung her away—
 He sprung on the palfrey white,
And, like the lightning's vanishing flash,
 He shot from the lady's sight.

Part Third.

THE moon is throned in the lovely blue,
Which melting upon the eye,
Allures the wish to be usher'd there,
Reclined in its depths to lie;
As yet one visible star alone
The azure realm divides,
Which burns with a bright, though trembling light,
As before its queen it glides ;
On the dew-gemm'd leaves, on the placid waves,
The showering moon-beams play—
A beauty floats o'er all earth and sky,
That would shame the glory of day.
But there cannot be a thing of life
Beholding this lovely scene,
Or its very breath could now be heard
Disturbing the silence serene.
But see ; yon river, so calm till now,
Is stirr'd, but not by the gale ;
And gliding slowly towards the shore
Some object appears to sail ;
But what can it be ? to the distant eye,
Which a glance upon it should throw,
'Twould seem the image of yon pale cloud,
Or a drifting heap of snow.

It sinks, it rises, it floats along
Till upon the shore 'tis thrown,
And there it lies, as immovable
As a thing to life unknown.

Now all is calm, till from yonder wood
A cavalier suddenly starts,
On a steed, which despite his voice and the rein,
Right on to the river darts ;

But he suddenly paused as motionless,
As he had no power to stir,
Nor even to breathe, nor seem'd he to feel
The plunge of his rider's spur.

The cavalier thought he heard a sigh ;
He eagerly look'd around ;
On a human form he cast his eye ;
He hastily sprung to the ground :

He raised the form, and he threw aside
The folds of the snow-white veil,
And the moonlight flow'd, in a silver tide,
On features lovely and pale.

The cavalier starting, dropp'd the form,
As the features met his sight,
'Twas the very lady from whom, but now,
He had taken the palfrey white ;

But again he raised her in his arms,
And he laid her upon his breast ;
He wrung the brine from her coal-black hair
And his lips to hers he prest ;

Yes, *lover*, sir knight, for wouldest thou but stay
Till to-morrow, and meet my foe,
My heart, my hand, my kingdom, my all,
As thy guerdon would I bestow!"

She threw her white arms around his knees,
As she knelt at the cavalier's feet;
And she look'd in his face—he could ill resist
That look so imploring and sweet!]

But he cast one glance upon his ring,
And her clasp he then unbound;
And he said—but with a faltering voice—
As he raised her from the ground;

"This moment must I hasten away,
In the cause of my lady love;
But when her rescue shall be achieved,
So bless me the saints above,

As I shall return, with all speed I may,
This arm to devote for thee;
I swear me thy friend, and thy champion,
Though thy lover I may not be!"

"One moment, sir knight, let me know the claim
Of her who calls thee away;
If that claim is just, I will pardon thee,
Nor longer demand thy stay."

The knight was impatient to be gone,
But was check'd by her tender hold,
And he had not the heart to spurn her off;
So briefly his tale he told.

Part Fourth.

THE CAVALIER'S TALE.

I LOVED, and was beloved the same :
 Her young heart had not learn'd
The world's dissembling forms ; her flame
 Pure and unhidden burn'd :
But noticed by her father's eye,
 It soon alarm'd his pride :
For his were birth and grandeur high,
 Which fate to me denied.
Compelled to part, with broken heart,
 I rush'd the war to seek ;
But first we both exchanged an oath,
 'The dearest love could speak,
The ring, which girds my finger now,
 I bade her cherish ever,
As a memorial of our vow,
 To love and love forever.
I sought the field, I forced to yield
 Full many a paynim foe ;
Methinks her prayers have been my shield :
 No arm could lay me low.
And now I had return'd in fame
 My native land to hail,

When there a page to meet me came,
Who told a fearful tale ;
The every word convulsed my frame,
My cheek turn'd ashy pale.
He told me that my true-love dear
Was left an orphan maid,
Beneath a guardian's care severe,
Who dared her rights invade ;
Who with usurping grasp detain'd
Her father's gold and land ;
Nor his presumption there restrain'd,
But dared to claim her hand ;
And e'en had sworn, if by her scorn
His suit were still denied,
Upon the third return of morn
Should ruder means be tried.
To-morrow is the destined day,
But we ere then shall meet :
I trust this arm the wretch shall lay
Before my lady's feet.
To shield her from his brutal rage,
The arm of love to bring,
She sent in haste her faithful page,
To seek me with this ring—
The ring, which, when our vows were made,
I on her finger placed ;
But, lady, I'm too long delay'd—
To save her I must haste !

But for her sake, thou lady bright,
 My heart would own thy spell ;
 But for her sake I could not slight
 Thy charms angelical ;
 But for her sake, not thus I might
 Have power to say, farewell !

Part *III.*

ONCE moment the cavalier waits reply,
 On his ear no answer falls ;
 He looks around, and amazed he stands
 By his lady's castle walls.
 He look'd around, but he look'd in vain
 For the lovely stranger-queen ;
 Again his gaze he fix'd in amaze,
 On the unexpected scene ;
 And as he look'd on the well-known towers,
 On his mind recollections rush'd
 Of his childhood bliss, and his boyhood love,
 'Till the tears unbidden gush'd :
 But he swept the glimmering from his eye,
 And looking to heaven he said,
 " Saint Mary be thank'd, by whatever means
 So sudden the space has fled,
 Which parted me from my lady's foe ;
 Saint Mary, arm me this morn !"

His sword clash'd on the vibrating shield,
And loudly he blew the horn.
Every portal expanded wide,
But he saw no mortal near ;
Onward he strode from hall to hall,
But he found no foe appear.
Onward he strode, till check'd by a gate,
Which was lock'd and barr'd as yet ;
As it yielded to his gauntlet's stroke,
A throng he suddenly met ;
They rush'd upon him, he knew not whence ;
But from their rude grasp he sprung
With such violent force, that by the shock
They all to the ground were flung.
Again they rose, and on every side
Their weapons the knight assail'd.
He fought full well, and he fought full long,
But at last his foes prevail'd :
Still, though by their numbers overpower'd,
He struggl'd as best he could,
Till the ring from his finger dropp'd to earth,
And all in amazement stood ;
For the ring, expanding, girt the hall
In a circle of burning flame,
And contracting, around the cavalier's foes,
Nearer and nearer it came,
Till all were wither'd in its embrace,
But harmless it pass'd the knight :

In a moment, the ring, and a heap of dust,
Alone remain'd to his sight.
The ring on his finger he replaced,
And he found his strength regain'd
That moment; again from hall to hall,
Uninjured, and unrestrain'd,
He past, till again his onward way
Was check'd by a massy gate;
In vain his efforts to burst the lock,
Or shake one bar of the grate;
A laugh of derision shook the walls:
Through the bars he could see appear
A being of lofty size, whose lip
Was curl'd with a fiend-like sneer,
As he pointed to a lady pale,
Who lifeless lay at his feet:
The cavalier struggled with frantic rage,
Impatient the wretch to meet;
But he raged in vain, till he thought he heard
The musical whispering
Of a sweet tender voice, which said,
"Now bethink thee of thy ring!"
Obeying the voice, he instantly
The ring from his finger drew;
Again expanding, its fiery wreath
O'er the massy bars it threw:
They drop'd to the ground like molten lead;
Onward rush'd the eager knight,

But he found not the lady nor his foe,
Who had borne her from his sight.
The little ring he snatch'd from the ground
And on his finger replaced,
He clash'd his shield again and again,
Till the foe stepped forth in haste ;
One scowl they exchanged, but paused not for speech
At the clash of each mighty stroke
Their weapons quiver'd, until at last
The sword of the cavalier broke ;
He flung it aside, he seized his foe,
As to grapple his life away ;
They struggled as every nerve would burst,
Till sinking together, they
Exhausted upon the ground reclined,
Yet struggling in vain to rise ;
And oft as their glances met, the rage
Of a demon flash'd in their eyes.
Hark ! O hark ! it seems that all earth
Upon its foundation rocks,
While ten thousand thunders tear the skies
In loud and repeated shocks.
The tottering roof, the falling walls,
The knight and the foe behold ;
But each still writhes in the other's arms,
Which grasp him in desperate fold.
The roof now bursts with an awful crash,
And before their shuddering eye

Appear'd unfolded a sheet of fire,
Enwrapping all earth and sky !

A shriek was heard—the loftiest tower
That moment in ruin crash'd,
And disclosed a maid, who stood on high,
Where destruction around her flash'd ;
Her white robes dishevell'd o'er her hung,
And waved in the blazing air,
Which danced around her shuddering limbs,
And wreath'd in her raven hair.

The cavalier would have rush'd to her aid,
But he could not burst the grasp
Of his foe, which so closely press'd him now,
That he scarce had power to gasp.

The cavalier raged at the savage grin,
And the glance of malicious scorn ;
But the more his rage, the more the mirth
On the hated features worn.

“ Now by this ring,” said the cavalier,
“ If near me be any power
Propitious to faithful love like mine,
Its favour I claim this hour.”

Instantly, in a whirlwind of flame
The ground was asunder rent,
And shrieking down the burning abyss
His foe from his sight was sent.

The knight look'd up where the lady stood ;
A tower trembled o'er her head ;

The scorching flames, and the smothering smoke,
More thickly around her spread;
The ruins roll'd from his climbing foot,
As he rush'd through the smoke and blaze:
In a moment the lady sunk in his arms,
Shrieking in fear and amaze.
He looks below, but the awful depth
Forbids the desperate spring.
Nor can he on the ruins descend,
While his arms to the lady cling.
He looks above, O merciful heaven!
The tower now bends to its fall!
The knight in despair, could scarce breathe a prayer,
On the guardian power to call.
He heard a crash—he averted his eye—
Nearer he drew to his breast
The lady, as he said, “We must die,
But dying with thee I am blest!”

Part Sixth.

THE knight look'd around—he could ill expect
Such a scene would his eye await:
Unharm'd the lady lay at his feet,
By his father's castle-gate.
The vassals clasp'd his knees, and his name
Repeated in shouts of joy;

And forth the old warrior tottering came
To welcome his gallant boy.
As soon as the cavalier was released
From the fond paternal embrace,
He raised the lady, who lay at his feet,
And eagerly look'd in her face ;
He started away, he clench'd his hands,
He gnash'd his teeth in despair ;
"Is it thou I have saved from those fatal towers—
While *she*—has she perish'd there ?"
She open'd her eyes, she sprung to his neck,—
"My love, and art thou restored ?
The dangers I've met I shall not regret,
Since redeem'd by my true-love's sword."
Such voice, such look, he had heard and seen
In the joy of his youthful day ;
But the features are those of the stranger-queen,
Who had tempted him on his way.
He looks again, and he cannot tell
If it be his true-love or not ;
For, perhaps in his absence, some trait of hers
Might either be changed or forgot.
Raising his eye, he saw on the sky
A halo of dazzling light,
And in a car, with many a star,
Bespangled, a being bright
Was seen to glide, till it paused beside
The wondering lady and knight.

From her dazzling face when it hover'd near,
They hid their eyes on the ground :
Her accents floated into their ear,
In soft and musical sound :
“ Arise, sir knight, she bids thee arise,
Who has well approved thy worth ;
Arise, fair maid, she bids thee arise,
Who has loved thee from thy birth.
Nay, lady, shun not my presence thus,
As it threaten'd danger nigh ;
Thy dearest welcome I should command,
Thy Guardian Genius am I.
From thy earliest hour it has been my care
To shield thee from every ill,
And my guardian wing shall o'ershadow thee
To thy latest moment still.
Sir knight, 'twas I who the token brought
To tell thee thy lady's need ;
'Twas I who wing'd thy impetuous flight
Upon an earthly steed ;
'Twas I who assumed this lady's charms,
The fairest that can be worn,
Surpassing all by thy memory sketch'd
Of the dawn of her beauty's morn ;
And thus I met thee in beauty's bower,
And in regal grandeur's hall,
Where the smile of love, nor ambition's power,
Thy heart could change or enthral.

Through many perils hast thou been led,
But thy soul its strength approved ;
Many temptations around thee spread,
But thy faith was still unmoved.

Thine is a heart that can never be
Estranged from constancy's reign,
And to such a heart the hand is due
Which else thou shouldst ne'er obtain.

Here is thy ring, restore it, sir knight,
To the hand I now link to thine ;
Of your heart's dearest oath, let it be to ye both
Forever and ever the sign.

This ring was to thee a talisman
To save thee all danger through ;
This ring on thy hand, and truth in thy soul,
No evil could thee subdue.

And should the spell from the ring depart,
When danger again is known,
Little the need of thy faithful heart
For other aid than its own.

Ye faithful pair, it shall be my care
That blessings shall both await ;
But if at times ye are doom'd to bear
The scowl of a darker fate,

Ye still may triumph o'er its control,
If ye still to each other cling ;
For evil can never enslave the soul
Encircled by CONSTANCY'S RING.



THE BELL SONG.

THE materials for this poem are in a great measure derived from Schiller's *Lied von der Glocke*; which at first I contemplated translating, but I concluded to treat the subject after my own fashion, as several new ideas suggested themselves; and in truth the peculiar merits of the original cannot be transfused into any other language; besides, the technical details of a bell-foundry can be of no interest to those who have not witnessed the process. My object has been to seize the poetical features of Schiller's production, to incorporate them with my own ideas; and to produce a poem, which, unembarrassed by local or technical allusions, may address itself to every class of readers.

THE BELL SONG.

Above the scenes of earthly labour,
In heaven's clear vault, the blue, the bright,
She swings on high, the thunder's neighbour,
And borders on the world of light,
Where roll the stars in circling mazes,
Her voice responding to their song,
While they repeat their Maker's praises,
And lead the crowned year along.

Her iron tongue, in earnest measure,
Speaks of the solemn and sublime,
And hourly warns us of the treasure
We hourly waste, unvalued time !
To destiny a voice imparting,
She swings, its changes to proclaim,
And hither, thither, swiftly starting,
Keeps time to life's inconstant game.

Ring out! ring out a joyous greeting,
In welcome to the lovely child,
Whose little heart begins its beating
 In slumber's arms, the undefiled!
His future lot of gloom or splendor
 Is curtain'd from his vision tender;
A mother's love, her best adorning,
Keeps watch upon his golden morning.

Years speed like wind—for scenes of strife
 Proud youth from girlhood fiercely sunder,
Plunges into the storms of life,
 And wanders through the world of wonders;
A stranger, to his father's home
 Returning, lo! in youthful splendor,
All-glorious as an angel come
 From heaven, with bashful look and tender,
And blushing like the orient skies,
 The maiden stands before his eyes!

His heart is seized with nameless yearning;
 He turns aside; alone he strays;
His eyes with sudden tears are burning;
 Again he turns to seek her gaze,
And blushingly her pathway traces
 Until her greeting makes him blest:
He seeks the fairest flower, and places
 Its beauty on her fairer breast!

Young love ! what longing hopes unfoldeth
Thy golden time ! what joys of price !
The eye an open heaven beholdeh,
And swells the heart in Paradise !
Young love ! ah, couldst thou ever nourish
The golden dream ! for ever flourish !

Let him, enthrall'd by passion strong,
Approve, beforc the lasting union,
If heart with heart is in communion ;
The dream is short, repentance long !

Ring out ! ring out ! for triumph blesse
The youth who by the altar stands,
And lovely in the young bride's tresses
The nuptial wreath entwines its bands.
Alas ! that life's enraptur'd fire
Should with the May of life decay,
The fairy dreams of young desire
With veil and girdle rent away !

Flits passion's hour ;
Yet love remaineth,
A ripening flower
Which truth sustaineth.
Into hostile life
Man forth must enter ;
In toil and strife
-His thoughts must centre ;

In planting and making,
Pursuing and taking,
Risking and daring,
Plotting and caring,
And running his race
In fortune's chase.

He prospers :—fortune rolls a boundless tide ;
His stores increase ; expands his dwelling wide ;
And therein ruleth
The matron chaste,
The children's mother,
With wisdom graced ;
In her circle moving,
Smiling or reproving,
The little girl directing,
The little boy correcting,
She plies her busy fingers
With work that never lingers,
Her husband's gains increases
With toil that never ceases,
And fills the closets with fragrant stores,
And spins at the wheel that rolls and snores,
And piles the wardrobe's well-polish'd row
With the shining wool, and the flax of snow,
And joins with the showy the useful ever,
And resteth never !

The father with a glance of pride
Looks from his far-extended dwelling,
And counts his gains on every side,
And views his stores with treasures swelling ;
Then boasting lifts his haughty hand—
“ Firm as the earth’s foundations stand,
Against misfortune’s rudest shock,
My house is founded on a rock !”
Vain boast ! who can resist an hour
To destiny’s almighty power ?

Ring out ! a fearful peal ring out,
To second terror’s frantic shout !
Hark ! the crashing thunder
Rends the skies asunder !
Lightnings quiver, flash and shiver,
And roll through heaven a blazing river ;
Earth reflects the burning flood,
Glow the skies as red as blood,
But not with glow of day ;
Yet the night is glaring bright
As the sun’s meridian light :
The clamour of dismay
Higher swells and higher ;
Loud and loud the bell is rung,
Flies the cry from tongue to tongue,
“ Fire ! fire ! fire !”

Lo ! a pyramid of flame
Fierce as if from hell it came,
Clouds of smoke around it curl'd,
Soars as if to show the world

Creation's funeral pyre !

Lo ! unconquerably strong
Rolls the burning flood along,
While the air around its path
Glowes as with an oven's wrath—

Fire ! fire ! fire !

Sinks the roof and totters wall,
Pillars shake and columns fall ;
Treasure won by toil of years
In a moment disappears ;
All are running, rushing, flying,
Shouting, shrieking, trembling, crying ;
Beneath the smoking ruins crush'd

The beast is moaning,
The child is groaning,
Till both in suffocation hush'd.

But steady stand an active band—
The buckets fly from hand to hand,
And from the toiling engine rushes
A cataract in showery gushes :

In vain—in vain—
The splashing rain

The mighty element devours
In scorn ;—then gathering up its powers,
As if from labouring earth
A Titan struggled into birth,
Towers giant-like on high ;
And helpless, to its godlike strength
Man yields the hopeless strife at length,
And stands all idly by,
While the possessions, late his trust,
Melt like a shrivell'd scroll in dust.

One backward glance he calmly throws
Upon his fortune's grave,
Then turns away in stern repose,
His coming fate to brave.
Though destiny her power has proved,
She spares him still the best of blisses ;
He counts the heads of his beloved,
And lo ! not one dear head he misses !

Ring out ! ring out !
Sad and slow
Tolls the bell
The dirge of woe,
In solemn train, a band of mourning friends
A wanderer to the home of all attends.

Alas ! the wife ! the fond, the cherish'd !
The faithful mother ! she has perish'd !
From her husband's arms for ever
The Prince of Terrors bids her sever,
And bears her, with his shadowy hand,
From amid the tender band,
Which she in blooming beauty bore
To him, whom she may bless no more ;
And on her bosom nourishing,
Watch'd enraptur'd flourishing,
With the love, the pride, the pleasure,
Mother-hearts alone can measure.

Ah tender ties of home ! ye sever !
For she who was the house's mother
In bed of darkness sleeps for ever,
And now her place receives another !
Poor orphans ! where her gentle guidance ?
Her tender care all else above ?
Ah ! where she ruled a stranger ruleth,
Whose love is—not a mother's love !

Ring out ! ring out ! a peal of dread !
Sound trumpet ! thunder drum !
Wake—rise—prepare for battle's bed !
The foe ! they come ! they come !
All start in a bewilder'd dream,
And woman's shriek, and childhood's scream

Half drown the bell's alarms ;
While youth and manhood hasten out,
And rush, and run, and storm, and shout—
“ To arms ! to arms ! to arms !”

A thousand torches scatter light
On scenes of fury or affright ;
While women, with dishevell'd hair
And wringing hands, dart here and there,
And weep and clamour, loud and wild,
All helpless as the wondering child ;
Or others with seraphic eye
Look up, and trust in God on high,
Pale, breathless, silent, and sublime,
Like statue of the Grecian time !
And others bowed in weeping prayer,
Invoke a heavenly Father's care.

Good God ! who would not die for these—
The cherub child that clasps our knees,
The wife of angel charms,
The virgin, fresh in beauty's glow,
The home, our paradise below—
To arms ! to arms ! to arms !

A thousand mingled weapons clash
And quiver in the torch's flash ;

Some grasp the sword, the musket some,
The axe, the spade, whate'er may come
To the unfurnish'd hand:
Staff, club or missile—all may serve—
No weapon but the arm can nerve
To guard its native land.

Hark! the storm of battle!
Guns and cannons thunder
As earth would rend asunder;
Bullets whiz and rattle,
Showering death around;
Thousands press the ground,
And groan away their souls;
Every sword is ruddy,
Every hand is bloody,
And Carnage o'er the field her iron chariot roll

See the foe receding
From the victor's might;
See the hero leading
To pursue their flight;
See the warrior bleeding,
Struggling still to fight—
On the field disabled lying,
See he grasps his weapon dying,
Shouting, while from the battle storm,
The foes, confusedly flying,

Trample upon his mangled form,
Lightnings flashing from the eyes
Closed in death that soon shall be,
“ Victory !
Victory !”
Away he springs
On conquest’s wings,
And in the bright embrace of glory dies !

Ring out ! ring out a solemn peal,
While to the King of kings we kneel,
Through whom our arms prevail !
Each soldier bends his laurel’d brow,
And bows the knee no foe could bow—
Hail ! God of Armies ! hail !

Around him kneel the wife, the mother,
The child, caressing each the other ;
Their cheeks, but now so pale,
With triumph flushing, while their eyes
In rapture swimming seek the skies—
Hail ! God of Glory ! hail !

Ring out ! a glorious peal ring out !
While like a rushing storm we rise,
And stand erect, and rend the skies
With one triumphant shout !
Hurrah !

Ring out ! ring out in tone sublime—
How awful ! swells the glorious chime !
Ascending heaven, it peals along
To God as our thanksgiving song,
To God, the Father of the free,
Who giveth us the victory !

TALES.





THE BATTLE OF THE SNAKES.

AN EPISTLE TO CATHARINE.

DEAR KATE—More dear than I can tell !
No matter, though—you know it well—
Dear Kate—in this delicious weather,
I wish, don't you ? we were together ;
That we might wander, hand in hand,
Amid those scenes of fairy land,
Which now, to glad thy vision, rise,
And fancy pictures to mine eyes !
To climb the hills, the woods explore,
Or ramble by the sea-beat shore,
Where ringing waves delight thine ear
With music, mine shall never hear :
Or rove where sweetest flowers embower
My pretty Kate, “ a sweeter flower ! ”
While balmy zephyrs kiss thy brow
Of beauty—(might I kiss it now !)
Mid scenes like these, one summer's day,
A lordly serpent wound his way ;
From Ratler's line of length he came,
And gloried in a tail of fame ;

His pointed tongue, his sparkling eyes,
His gorgeous robe of thousand dyes—
All these with rapture swell'd his hide,
For snakes, like other fools, have pride.

While winding through a tangled brake,
He chanced to meet another snake—
Who wore a suit of sober black,
Which might become a doctor's back—
And, coiled in many a ring, reclined,
While thoughts as coiled perplex'd his mind.

“ Good parson Black! ah, is it you ?”
Quoth flippant Rattle, “ How d' ye do ?”
“ I'm pretty well, I thank you, sir.”
“ How's Mrs. Black ?” “ All's well with her,”
“ How are the little dears ?” “ So, so ;
The youngest has been ailing though.”
“ How go the times ?” “ Oh, very bad ?”
Sighed Black : “ The times are truly sad,
Which plunges me in deep dejection,
And makes me ask, in sage reflection,
Why all that is beneath the skies,
Is what it is—not otherwise !
Why Providence, by strange mistakes,
Instead of men, has made us snakes ;
Why we are born—and wherefore die—
Why——” “ Fool !” quoth Rattle, “ care not v
He who himself will wretched make,
Deserves the hiss of every snake.

Enough for us that all on earth
Is full of beauty, life and mirth ;
While of its joys I have a share,
I care not who may cherish care—
Mine be the maxim, wise and just :
‘Live while you live, die when you must !’ ”
“ Then, die this moment ! ” Black exclaim’d,
With foaming lip and eye inflamed.
At this the other shook his rattle,
To sound the stirring charge to battle.
So fiercely they together flew,
They bit each other right in two.
Quoth Black, “ I beg a truce, my friend,
To ponder on my latter end ! ”
So each in different windings past,
To seek his tail, and fix it fast ;
But in their hurry, by mistake,
Black got the tail of Rattlesnake,
And Rattle to himself did tack,
Unwittingly, the tail of Black.

Now Rattle fiercely shook the tail
He thought his own, without avail,
To wake the sound once wont to be,
His “ earthquake voice of victory ! ”
Now right, now left, he lash’d the ground,
But, burn the tail ! it gave no sound !
He swings it left, he swings it right—
In vain, poor Rattle bursts with spite.

Black, for his part, had run away !
But as he runs, to his dismay,
Loud from his tail a rattle peals,
As if the foe were at his heels,
More fast he runs, more loud it rings ;
And louder, as he faster springs :
He runs for six successive suns,
And still it rattles as he runs :
He runs and runs, till out of breath,
And then the rattle sleeps in death.

You say the story can't be true—
Dear Kate, I quite agree with you !
But now that I must say farewell,
One little word of truth I'll tell ;
And well you know I speak sincerely,
In saying, "*Kate, I love you dearly!*"

Farewell ! may every joy await
My own, my good, my gentle Kate !
God and good angels bless you, dearest !
Sweet Kate, adieu ! Your friend sincerest.

POSTSCRIPT—Some say they are not able
To see the moral of my fable !
Inform them, had the snakes been wise,
'Tis like they would have *used their eyes* !
And secondly, it hence appears,
Our eyes are better than our ears ;
From which reflection I contrive
Some consolation to derive ;

For though I oft have sighed, my dear,
That it is not for me to hear
The thrilling music of thy voice,
That would my very heart rejoice !
Yet when my arm is round thee wreathing,
And on thy brow my lip is breathing—
When thy dear head my hand caresses,
Or wreathes among thy raven tresses,
Or clasps in mine thy fairy fingers,
While fond my look upon thee lingers,
Then, while emparadised, I trace,
Affection breathing from thy face—
Oh, then I feel in deep delight,
There is a MUSICK FOR THE SIGHT !
Which I would not exchange for all
That ever on the ear may fall.

THE CONQUEROR'S RETURN.

He comes, he comes, in pomp and pride
And plenitude of power ;
He comes to claim his haughty bride,
With kingdoms for his dower.
A thousand slaves of princely birth
Are scattering in his train
The richest treasures torn from earth,
Or jewels of the main.

A thousand gorgeous banners stream,
The wings of valour's lance ;
Ten thousand knights in armour gleam,
Ten thousand coursers prance,
Drums, trumpets, clarions, swell on high
The mighty conqueror's fame,
And millions thunder to the sky
The echoes of his name.

He stands as might Apollo stand,
Sublime in godlike grace,
Upon a spear he leans his hand,
But proudly lifts his face,
A robe, where gold and jewels blaze,
Scarce veils his manly frame ;
A diadem of glory plays
To shade his eyes of flame.

He came where stood that lady proud,
With bearing bold and free ;
His haughty head he lightly bow'd,
And half inclined his knee ;
But it was with a curling smile,
That seemed but to deride,
And scowl'd upon his brow the while
Unconquerable pride.

“ Ah lady ; 'twas a bitter jest,
Yet was it well, in sooth,
To scorn me, when I was at best
A fair and gentle youth ;
When all the glory I could boast
Was an unsullied name ;
And all my genius served at most
An idle song to frame !

But now I've waded through the flood
Of many a nation's tears,
And deluged earth with seas of blood
That shall not ebb for years—
Now with the sword of victory,
And sceptre of a king ;—
I will not deem it is for thee
To scorn my offering.

I told thee once of beauty's power,
I tell thee of my own ;
I told thee once of virtue's dower—
My virtue is a throne.
I once implored thy pride to bow—
I beckon thee to rise ;
The proudest place I offer now
Of all beneath the skies.

A marble smile the lady smiled ;
“ Not thus can I be won ;
Though thrones on thrones thy arm has piled,
Until they hit the sun ;
Though thou hast humbled to thy sway
Creation's every part,
Thou hast not found the only way
To conquer woman's heart.

For there is one thing which thy soul
Could never truly know,
Though thou hast raved of its control,
And well assumed the show :
O'er woman's heart it were a spell
All pomp and power above ;
For learn the truth, and mark it well—
Her love is won—by love ! ”

THE PEARL-HANDED KNIFE.

A LITTLE boy sits by his mother's tomb,
And waters the flowers that above her bloom,
With tears, that flow from his orphan'd heart,
Sobbing as if it would burst apart.

He looks around with a glance of fear,
'To see that no ruthless eye is near,
Then draws from his bosom his cherish'd toy,
His mother's last gift to her own dear boy :
It was a knife with a silver blade,
And of mother-of-pearl was the handle made.

That little boy has a step-dame stern,
Whose evil feelings against him burn ;
Though once on the orphan boy she smiled,
And kindly treated her husband's child ;
But a change was on her feelings thrown
When she had a little babe of her own,
For she loved her babe with a love so great,
Her love for the orphan turn'd to hate :

For it was a thought she could not bear
That Edwin should be his father's heir;
"And all would be for my child," she said
In her guilty heart, "were but Edwin dead!"

Oh, a mother's love is a holy thing!
But even from good may evil spring,
And they who would love with a sinless love,
Must set their affections on things above,
Nor ever, for perishing things of clay,
From God and his law be led astray.

Poor Edwin! he found it a cruel change,
For all was bitter and all was strange;
Now first in his life he felt and heard
The passionate blow, and the angry word,
And knew not what it could mean the while,
For he had been ruled by look and smile.

His father had gone abroad for a time
To gather wealth in a distant clime,
And Edwin was left in his step-dame's power,
Who beat and abused him every hour.
But once in a day the orphan fed,
And then on a bone or a crust of bread,
His strength decay'd, and a fever came,
But it made no change in the ruthless dame;

She spurn'd him up as he sunk on the floor,
From which he gladly would rise no more ;
And she made him work like the veriest slave ;
How he long'd to rest in his mother's grave !

To that mother's grave he crawled one day,
When he thought the dreaded eye away,
And told her unconscious ear the wrong
Her poor little boy had endured so long ;
Then drew from a secret slit in his vest
The only comfort he yet possest ;
It was a knife with a silver blade,
And of mother-of-pearl was the handle made.

Alas ! for the cruel step-dame was near,
And heard what he meant for his mother's ear ;
On her evil mind temptation flash'd :
At a blow the boy to earth she dash'd,—
She snatch'd the knife with a sudden start,
And buried the blade in the orphan's heart.

She open'd the door of his mother's tomb,
And thrust him down in that place of gloom ;
She hasten'd home, and she laugh'd so wild—
“ Come kiss me ! all is your own, my child.”

A month elaps'd, and the father came,
And kiss'd his babe and his smiling dame ;

But when he ask'd for his pretty boy,
To deepest sorrow it changed his joy ;
" The child," she said, " of a fever died,
And was buried at his mother's side."

A year and another pass'd away,
And the babe grew lovelier every day :
It was a bright and a merry child,
And the father of half his grief beguil'd.
Another year and another past,
And the child in beauty flourish'd fast,
And the father's heart no more was sad,
And the mother's heart was proud and glad :
She forgot her sin, as too many do,
And fancied God had forgot it too.
A guilty deed may be long conceal'd,
But its time shall come to be reveal'd,
And long unpunish'd may flourish crime,
But vengeance cometh in God's good time.

It was a fair and a sunny day,
And Robert went into the fields to play ;
But the shades of night began to fall
Before he return'd to his father's hall—
" Oh Robert ! where have you been so long ?
My child, to wander so late is wrong."

“ Mama, I am sorry I stay’d so late,—
This morning I pass’d by the churchyard gate,
And found it open ; I wander’d there,
To gather the flowers so fresh and fair ;
And weary at last of my play alone,
I lay me down on the nearest stone.
I had not been resting long, before
I noticed a tomb with a little door :
Oh mother ! I gazed in fear and doubt,
For open’d the door, and a boy stept out ;
But when his beauty beam’d on my sight,
My fear gave way to a strange delight.
His cheek was fair as the sunset skies,
And like stars of heaven, his sparkling eyes :
Adown his shoulders his ringlets roll’d,
And glisten’d and gleam’d in sunny gold ;
But the charm all other charms above,
Was the smile that melted the heart to love ;
Yet was it a sad and a serious smile,
And the tears would start to your eyes the while.

He came where I lay ;—he spoke—the sound
Breathed music in all the air around ;
He lay at my side, and he took my hand,
And he talk’d of a brighter and better land,
Where nothing of evil can enter in,
Nor sickness nor death, nor sorrow nor sin ;

Where God's holy children, a radiant band,
In his garden of glory walk hand in hand;
Where all is bliss, and all is love—
And he whisper'd—“Oh come to my home above!”

And thus we talk'd till the close of day,
And then we arose to go away;
But he flung his arms around me, mother,
And kiss'd my forehead, and call'd me—“Brother.”
And as he turn'd to descend the grave,
He gave me a keepsake—see what he gave!”

The mother look'd—with a frantic start
She plung'd it into her guilty heart.
It was a knife with a silver blade,
And of mother-of-pearl was the handle made!

THE ENCHANTED CUP.

“ Those only can consider any personal deformity a fit object of ridicule, who, from some deficiency in the reasoning powers, are incapable of this obvious reflection—that if any peculiarity, which now passes for a deformity, were to become universal, from that moment it would be considered the standard of beauty, and the want of it a deformity.”

JOHNSON.

A PAIR of arms, hands, legs and feet,
And eyes and ears our form discloses ;
But why, for symmetry complete,
Why have we not a pair of noses ?

In truth there bloom'd, in early times,
One nose behind, and one before,
But ah ! a black magician's crimes
The loss have doom'd us to deplore !

There was a maid beyond compare,
Who flourish'd then as beauty's rose ;
How glorious from her raven hair
Emerg'd the whiteness of her nose !

She had a lover young and brave,
Who soon would claim her as his bride ;
But Sombruer, to the fiends a slave,
His arts to blast their love applied.

He filled a cup with magic wine,
And placed it in the lovers' way ;
Poor Jocond ! what a fate is thine !
How soon art thou the wizard's prey !

He drains the cup—he sighs for more—
But louder will he sigh, to find
The nose he had behind before,
Departs, and leaves no trace behind !

The women shudder'd at the sight,
A howl from all the dogs arose ;
The children shouted with affright,
“ Oh mother ! he has lost a nose ! ”

His lady spurn'd him from the breast
That once such fond affection warm'd ;
Her shrieks ascended with the rest ;
“ Get out ! get out ! you wretch deform'd ! ”

The wizard knew the lovers were
Protected by a fairy dame,
Whose skill could with his own compare,
And fear'd she would revenge the shame.

So least *his* noses, both or either
Should be demolish'd by her art,
He laid a spell on both, that neither
Should ever from himself depart.

For Jocond to the fairy fled,
And tearful told his piteous case ;
"Alas," she said, "upon thy head
A second nose shall have no place.

No magic power, *not Sombruer's own*,
The spells of Sombruer can unbind ;
But he shall rue himself alone,
The mischief for your head design'd."

She waived her wand, and then was clear
To all mankind its virtues rare,
For all the noses in the rear
Departing melted—into hair !

All, all but Sombruer's, which remains
Fix'd as a mountain by his charms,
He little by his cunning gains ;
'Tis Sombruer's presence now alarms.

'Tis Sombruer, who, where'er he goes,
Is doom'd the children's scream to hear :
"Oh, granny ! what is that ? a nose !
A nose behind his head ! oh dear !"

Where'er he came, the ladies scream'd,
The nasal pair their feelings shock'd,
While Jocond's single nose was deem'd
A beauty—though a little cock'd !

Oh, may the warning reach your breast,
With which I wind the story up :—
Since we have but one nose at best,
Beware of the enchanted cup !

GOOD NIGHT, MAMA !

A LITTLE girl, some five years old,
Came, like the morning star,
Each morrow to her mother's heart—
“ Good morning, dear mama !”

And running to her mother's arms,
She kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
And prattled out her love to one
Who loved her more and more.

And when night's curtains closed around
The sun's resplendent car,
She kiss'd her mother, and she said,
“ Good night, my dear mama !”

Poor little girl ! her mother died,
And to the grave was borne ;
Where shall she find a mother now,
To greet at night and morn ?

Next morning, when she rose and dress'd,
And found no mother near,
Without a word she slipp'd away,
To seek her mother dear.

In haste she to the churchyard ran ;
From home it was not far ;
She clasp'd her mother's grave, and said,
“ Good morning, dear mama !”

All day she linger'd near the grave,
Till rose the evening star,
Then turning slowly home, she said,
“ Good night, my dear mama !”

THE LAST GAME.

'TWAS truce ; and warlike Frederick's forces
Were longing for their wonted courses
Of blood and plunder, wounds and glory ;
And none more grieved at the inaction
Than did the hero of our story,
Who sigh'd at every moment's fraction
That was not spent in glorious fight,
Or at the scientific game
Of nine-pins, his supreme delight,
Which oft had crown'd his skill with fame.

Imagine his impatient sorrow,
To hear that there would be perform'd
A match at nine-pins on the morrow,
Some ten leagues off! He stamp'd and storm'd,
And tore his beard with such a twirl,
It put his whiskers out of curl :
" Stop !" roar'd his Colonel ; " that's a sin
Against all rule and discipline !"

“ Sir, I appeal to your humanity,”
Exclaimed Gustavus with a sigh,
“ Allow me, in your great urbanity,
Some three days’ absence, or I die !”
The colonel, happy to refuse,
Courteous replied, “ Die if you choose !”

Gustave in desperation sought
The king, and faltered his petition—
“ I really know not if I ought,
But may,” said he, “ on one condition :
For I have not forgot the day
When, in the thickest of the fight,
You sliced an Austrian’s head away,
Then bowled it on with all your might ;
Against another head it dashed,
And that against another splashed,
A third was smash’d,
A fourth was crash’d,
Head knocking head
Till nine were sped ;
Which proves, when used with apt agility,
The nine-pin game of some utility.”

“ A head,” said Baron Krakerkamp,
The bluntest talker in the camp,
“ A head can many wonders work ;

And I could tell, an please you, sire,
A solemn story of the Turk,
Would make your majesty admire."

" Of that anon. We first dismiss
Our suitor. Upon one condition
Gustave, we yield to your petition,
And the condition's this—
Three days we grant you, and no more—
'Tis certain death to linger four.—
Now Baron with the tale proceed—"
" 'Tis worth a royal ear indeed.

This Turk, an please you, had two brothers,
Who shared with him their father's throne,
And being jealous of the others,
He thought it best to reign alone ;
So, that too high they might not tread,
He made them shorter by the head.

One night upon his couch repining
Complacently, and lightly dozing,
He heard a groan and raised his head.
And partially his eyes unclazing,
Beheld, advancing to his bed,
His brother Hamet, who awhile
Glared on him with a ghastly smile,
Then nodded with a low profound ;—
Off rolled the head upon the ground,
 *

Away it bounded, here and there,
While Hamet chased it everywhere,
Till down the stairs it roll'd at last,
By headlong Hamet follow'd fast.

“ Bismillah !” said the Turk ; “ 'Tis strange,
But shall not my repose derange.”

Next night return'd the vision duly,
But 'twas not Hamet then, but Muley :
When Muley bowed his head, it dropped
And rolled about, nor ever stopped ;
Away it bounced from place to place,
And Muley followed hard in chase,
The Turk in meditation deep
Began to muse, and fell asleep.

The third night, with a sullen frown
Both brothers stalked before his glance,
Then hand in hand began to prance
Around his bed, in spectral dance,
Their heads still bobbing up and down,
Or whirling round and round and round,
But never dropping to the ground.

At last the Turk began to say,
“ I wish they'd bow and run away
As on each former night ;

Too long they break my slumber sweet ;
A hint I'll give them to repeat
Their congees so polite!"

With that he bowed—his head with theirs
Rolled on the floor and down the stairs,
Each headless brother giving chase,
Till closed in Eblis' hall the race."

Such was the Baron's tale. With ours
We now proceed, Gustavus came
Where nine-pin heroes proved their powers—
He played—and lost!—oh hour of shame!
Again he played, and yet again,
Till day had closed, but all in vain !

Misguided man ! another day
He ventured on the game to waste,
Believing that by extra haste
He might retrieve the short delay,
He played—he lost—four days had passed
When hopeless, he returned at last.

" Off with his head !" exclaimed the king ;
" The doom is just !" was his reply,
" Yet let me not dishonoured die !
Oh grant me this one only thing,
That I may win another game,
And thus retrieve my sullied fame."

“ Play !” said the monarch—“ if you win
I pardon you—prepare—begin—”
The men are placed—with rapture fired,
 Gustavus now from earth to sky
 In a fine frenzy rolls his eye
Like one inspired !

“ Descend, ye nine ! descend, ye nine !”
 Not one of all the nine would stir !
They served him as those nymphs divine
 Have served too many a worshipper.
He played and lost, and lost and played
Nor any will to pause betrayed ;
 The king his patience could command
No more, and to the headsman signed,
Who at the signal slipped behind
 And raised the weapon in his hand,
And as Gustavus stooped to bowl,
 The head was from his shoulders lopped,
 And in his open hands it dropped—
Swift o'er the field he made it roll—
Success attends the novel ball—
Down fall the nine-pins, one and all !

“ I’ve won the game !” exclaimed the head—
“ You’re pardoned !” gracious Frederick said.

MARY'S BEE.

As Mary with her lip of roses,
Was tripping o'er the flowery mead,
A foolish little bee supposes
The rosy lip a rose indeed,
And so, astonish'd at the bliss,
He steals the honey of her kiss.

A moment there he wantons—lightly
He sports away on careless wing—
But ah! why swells that wound unsightly?
The rascal! he has left a sting!
She runs to me with weeping eyes,
Sweet images of April skies.

“ Be this,” said I, “ to heedless misses,
A warning they should bear in mind;
Too oft a lover steals their kisses,
Then flies, and leaves a sting behind.”
“ This may be wisdom to be sure,”
Said Mary—“ but I want a cure.”

What could I do? To ease the swelling
My lips with hers impassion'd meet—
And trust me, from so sweet a dwelling,
I found the very poison sweet!
Fond boy! unconscious of the smart,
I suck'd the poison to my heart!

THE SUICIDE.

WHEN William sent a letter to declare
That he was wedded to a fairer fair,
Poor Lucy shrieked—"To life—to all—adieu!"
And in the indignation of despair,
She tore the letter and her raven hair,
She beat her bosom and the post-boy too—
Then to an open window wildly flew,
And madly flung herself——into a chair.

CATCHING A FOX.

A Fable.

INSCRIBED TO MY LITTLE FRIEND CATHARINE.

THE rise of provisions, and hardness of times,
Had thinned a poor fox like a stringer of rhymes,
And thinner and thinner became the poor sinner,
With never a penny to get him a dinner ;
(For me, when I come to that sorrowful state,
I know where to go—to my own little Kate.)
But the fox only went, with a sigh and a shiver,
To drink, like a temperance man, at the river ;
When, hark ! from the stream came a musical voice,

Disturbing his reverie sad—

“ Rejoice ! rejoice !

Rejoice ! rejoice !

Oh ! is not an oyster a clever lad !”

The fox turned round with a cheerful gleam,
And dipped his tail in the cooling stream,
And twitched and twirled it with all his might,
But never a fish was the fool to bite ;
This the oyster saw, while his merry voice

Repeated the chorus glad :
“ Rejoice ! rejoice !
Rejoice ! rejoice !
Oh ! is not an oyster a clever lad ?”

Thought the oyster, “ Now is the time for glory,
And to win a name in historic story !
This mighty fox shall my triumph grace,
And my fame shall shine on the oyster race.”
This said, he snapped at the fox’s tail,
While all the fishes stood mute and pale.
“ Sir fox,” says he, with exulting voice,
“ I guess you are caught, egad !
Rejoice ! rejoice !
Rejoice ! rejoice !
Oh ! is not an oyster a clever lad ?”

Away from the river sped the fox,
Nor stopped till he came to a pile of rocks,
Then he swung his tail right fast and well,
And banged the oyster out of his shell,
And ate him up for a dinner choice,
And chuckled the chorus glad,
“ Rejoice ! rejoice !
Rejoice ! rejoice !
Oh ! is not an oyster a clever lad ?”

THE OLD CLOCK.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,
Stopped at a tavern on their way,
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,
And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will
Sent for the landlord and the bill ;
Will looked it over ; “ Very right—
But hold ! what wonder meets my sight !
Tom ! the surprise is quite a shock !”—
“ What wonder ? where ?”—“ The clock ! the clock !”

Tom and the landlord in amaze
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,
And for a moment neither spoke ;
At last the landlord silence broke—

“ You mean the clock that’s ticking there ?
I see no wonder I declare ;
Though may be, if the truth were told,
'Tis rather ugly—somewhat old ;
Yet time it keeps to half a minute ;
But, if you please, what wonder’s in it ?”

“Tom ; don’t you recollect,” said Will,
“The clock at Jersey near the mill,
The very image of this present,
With which I won the wager pleasant?”
Will ended with a knowing wink—
Tom scratched his head and tried to think.
“Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,”
The landlord said, with grin admiring,
“What wager was it ?”

“ You remember
It happened, Tom, in last December,
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue
That it was more than he could do,
To make his finger go and come
In keeping with the pendulum,
Repeating, till one hour should close,
Still, ‘ *Here she goes—and there she goes*’—
He lost the bet in half a minute.”

“ Well, if *I* would, the deuse is in it !”
Exclaimed the landlord ; “ try me yet,
And fifty dollars be the bet.”
“ Agreed, but we will play some trick
To make you of the bargain sick !”
“ I’m up to that !”

“ Don’t make us wait,
Begin. The clock is striking eight.”
He seats himself, and left and right
His finger wags with all its might,
And hoarse his voice and hoarser grows
With—“ *here she goes—and there she goes!*”

“ Hold !” said the Yankee, “ plank the ready !”
The landlord wagged his finger steady,
While his left hand, as well as able,
Conveyed a purse upon the table.
“ Tom, with the money let’s be off !”
This made the landlord only scoff;
He heard them running down the stair,
But was not tempted from his chair ;
Thought he, “ the fools ! I’ll bite them yet !
So poor a trick shan’t win the bet.”
And loud and loud the chorus rose
Of, “ *here she goes—and there she goes!*”
While right and left his finger swung,
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see
Her daughter ; “ where is *Mrs. B*— ?
When will she come, as you suppose ?
Son !”

“ *Here she goes—and there she goes!*”

845331A

“Here?—where?”—the lady in surprise
 His finger followed with her eyes;
 “Son, why that steady gaze and sad?
 Those words—that motion—are you mad?
 But here’s your wife—perhaps she knows
 And”—

“*Here she goes—and there she goes!*”

His wife surveyed him with alarm,
 And rushed to him and seized his arm;
 He shook her off, and to and fro
 His finger persevered to go,
 While curl’d his very nose with ire,
 That *she* against him should conspire,
 And with more furious tone arose
 The, “*here she goes—and there she goes!*”

“Lawks!” scream’d the wife, “I’m in a whirl!
 Run down and bring the little girl;
 She is his darling, and who knows
 But”—

“*Here she goes—and there she goes!*”

“Lawks! he is mad! what made him thus?
 Good lord! what will become of us?
 Run for a doctor—run—run—run—
 For doctor Brown, and doctor Dun,
 And doctor Black, and doctor White,
 And doctor Grey, with all your might.”

The doctors came, and look'd and wonder'd,
And shook their heads, and paused and ponder'd,
'Till one proposed he should be bled,
"No—leech'd you mean—" the other said—
"Clap on a blister," roar'd another,
"No—cup him"—"no—trepan him, brother!"
A sixth would recommend a purge,
The next would an emetic urge,
The eighth, just come from a dissection,
His verdict gave for an injection;
The last produced a box of pills,
A certain cure for earthly ills;
"I had a patient yesternight,"
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,
And as the only means to save her
Three dozen patent pills I gave her,
And by to-morrow I suppose
That"—

"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"You all are fools," the lady said,
"The way is, just to shave his head.
Run, bid the barber come anon"—
"Thanks mother," thought her clever son,
"You help the knaves that would have bit me,
But all creation shan't outwit me!"
This to himself, while to and fro
His finger perseveres to go,

And from his lip no accent flows
 But "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

The barber came—"Lord help him! what
 A queerish customer I've got;
 But we must do our best to save him—
 So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"
 But here the doctors interpose—
 "A woman never"—

"*There she goes!*"

"A woman is no judge of physic,
 Not even when her baby *is* sick.
 He must be bled"—"no—no—a blister"—
 "A purge you mean"—"I say a clyster"—
 "No—cup him—" "leech him—" "pills! pills! pills!
 And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that shiver?
 The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,
 And triumph brightens up his face—
 His finger yet shall win the race!
 The clock is on the stroke of nine—
 And up he starts—" 'Tis mine! 'tis mine!"
 "What do you mean?"

"I mean the fifty!
 I never spent an hour so thrifty;
 But you, who tried to make me lose,
 Go, burst with envy, if you choose!

But how is this? where are they?"

" Who?"

" The gentlemen—I mean the two
Came yesterday—are they below?"

" They galloped off an hour ago."

" Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!
For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

LEONORA.

A BALLAD, FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

Up starts she from a dream of dread
At blush of dawning day;
"Art faithless, William! art thou dead?
How long wilt thou delay?"

Her lover went with Frederick's might
Upon the fields of Prague to fight,
And still no tidings came to tell,
Or were he ill, or were he well.

Weary, at last, of war's debate,
The sovereigns bade it cease,
To milder moods subdued their hate,
And swore to lasting peace.

With song and shout the soldiers come,
With clash and clang, and roll of drum,
Bedeck'd with garlands green and gay,
Rejoicing on their homeward way.

And everywhere, and everywhere,
With shouts of jubilee,
Both old and young, in throngs repair,
Their coming friends to see.

“ Now God be praised ! ” said wife and child,
And many a bride her “ welcome ! ” smiled ;
But Leonor no friend is meeting ;
No kiss for her, for her no greeting !

From rank to rank she wander’d fast,
And question’d all that came ;
In vain she question’d all that past,
And named her lover’s name.

All—all past on—she gazed around—
She dash’d herself upon the ground ;
She wept—she tore her raven hair,
And cast her arms in mad despair !

Now hasten to her the mother mild :
“ Oh ! why art thou distrest ?
God’s pity on my darling child ! ”
She clasped her to her breast.

“ Oh, mother ! mother ! gone is gone !
Away with all beneath the sun !
In God no mercy can I see !
Ah ! wo is me ! ah ! wo is me ! ”

“ Oh, help her, Lord ! with gracious eye
Look down. My child to prayer apply—
All—all is well that God may do—
Oh, God ! my child with pity view !”

“ Oh, mother ! mother ! dreams of air !
God deals not well with me.
What help have I—what help is prayer ?
No good to come can be.”

“ Help, Lord ! a father is above,
Who helps the children of his love—
The holy sacrament, my child,
Will make thy sharpest sorrow mild.”

“ Oh, mother ! mother ! how I burn !
All sacraments were vain ;
No sacrament that can return
The dead to life again !”

“ Nay, child, what if the faithless youth
In stranger lands forgets his truth,
And careless of his plighted band,
On other maid bestows his hand ;

‘ Why, let it go—his worthless heart—
And small his gain shall be :
His soul, when soul and body part,
Shall rue its perjury.”

“ Oh, mother ! mother ! gone is gone !
 Forever must I m~~own~~ !
 Death ! death I seek ! and death alone !
 Would I had ne’er been born !

“ Go out—forever out—my light !
 In horror vanish, and in night !
 In God no mercy can I see !
 Ah ! wo is me ! ah ! wo is me !”

“ Help, Lord ! nor with my hapless child
 Thy judgment enter in ;
 She knows not what she utters wild ;
 Oh count it not her sin.

“ Ah, child ! forget thy earthly rod,
 And think of heaven, and think of God ;
 So shall thy soul through all prevail,
 Nor of its heavenly bridegroom fail.”

“ Oh, mother ! mother ! what is heaven !
 Oh, mother, what is hell ?
 With him alone, with him, is heaven—
 Without my William, hell ! ,

“ Go out—forever out—my light !
 In darkness vanish, and in night—
 Without his sight—without his love—
 No joy is here—no joy above !”

Thus raved the madness of despair
That burn'd through brain and vein,
And rashly God's foreseeing care
She blamed with thoughts profane.

She wrung her hands—she beat her breast,
Until the sun had gone to rest,
Until the golden stars about
The heavenly arch came dancing out.

And hark ! without, a tramp, tramp, tramp !
Some steed is trampling by ;
And clattering up the stairs, the stamp
Of knightly feet is nigh.

And hark ! a tinkle, tinkling ring ;
Loose swings the bell's vibrating string ;
Then comes a voice, and every word
Distinctly through the door is heard.

“ Hollo ! hollo ! my child arise !
My love, dost wake or sleep ?
Was I before thy fancy's eyes ?
And dost thou laugh or weep ?”

“ Ah ! William ! thou ! I have not slept
Nor smiled, but I have watch'd and wept,
And sorely sorrow'd for thy sight—
Whence ridest thou so late at night ?”

“ At midnight we prepare the steed,
And from Bohemia ride.

“ I mounted late—but good my speed ;
I come for thee, my bride !”

“ Ah William, here awhile repose ;
The wind is whistling as it blows ;
My heart’s beloved, my own, my best,
Come to my arms for warmth and rest.”

“ And let it whistle—let it blow—
Yes, let it blow, my dear !
Steed stamps—spur clinks—’tis time to go—
I may not house me here.

“ Come, gird thyself, and spring and swing
Upon my steed, behind me cling ;
To-night, before I wed my bride,
We have a hundred miles to ride.”

“ A hundred miles ere morning’s light,
To seek the bridal bower !
And hark ! the clock ! ’tis late at night—
’Tis the eleventh hour.”

“ Look there ! look here ! the moon shines clear !
How swift the dead and we career !
Come, come, my love, to-night we wed ;
To-night we reach the bridal bed !”

“ But where the bridal chamber, say ?
What bed doth it contain ? ”
“ Small, cool, and quiet—far away ;
Six planks, and shingles twain.”

“ Hast room for me ? ” “ For me and thee ;
Come, gird thyself, and mount with me ;
Spring, cling behind—the guests await,
And open stands the bridal gate.”

She girt herself—she sprung—she swung
Upon the steed in haste ;
Her lily hands were clasp’d and clung
Around the rider’s waist.

And hurra ! hurra ! patter patter !
On—on—like whistling winds they clatter ;
The steed and rider panting bound,
And sparks and pebbles flash around.

Swift on the left—swift on the right—
Sweeps every scene asunder !
Heaths, meadows, fields—how swift their flight !
And how the bridges thunder !

“ Love, dost thou fear ? the moon shines clear ;
Hurrah ! how swift the dead career !
“ Love, dost thou fear ? and dost thou dread
The dead ? ” “ Ah ! no—but leave the dead ! ”

Hark ! hark ! the raven flaps his wing ;
What songs and sounds of gloom !
The knell they ring—the dirge they sing—
“ Let us the dead entomb !”

And now, with coffin and with bier,
A funeral train approaches near :
The gurgled song was like the sound
Of croaking frogs in marshy ground.

“ With clang and cry the dead entomb
When midnight hour has ceast ;
But now I take my young wife home ;
Come to the marriage feast.

“ Come—with the chorus, come along,
Sacristan—croak the bridal song ;
Come, priest, and be thy blessing said
Before we seek the bridal bed.”

The bier is gone, and hushed the song,
The train behind him steals,
And hurry-scurry scuds along
Hard at his courser’s heels.

And faster faster, patter patter,
On—on—like whistling winds they clatter ;
The steed and rider panting bound,
And sparks and pebbles flash around.

How swift on right, how swift on left,
Hills, woods and vales sweep by !
How swift on left, and right, and left,
The towns and hamlets fly !

“ Love, dost thou fear ? the moon shines clear ;
Hurrah ! how swift the dead career !
Love, dost thou fear ? and dost thou dread
The dead ?” “ Oh ! let them rest, the dead !”

Behold ! a gibbet ! phantoms dance
Around the gory wheel ;
Half visible by moonlight’s glance
An airy rabble reel.

“ Ho ! ho ! come, rabble, hasten here,
Come, rabble, after me career ;
For ye the bridal dance must tread
When we repair to bridal bed.”

He spoke ! the rabble, hush, hush, hush !
Behind him rustling throng,
As whirlwinds through the forest rush,
And brush its leaves along.

And faster faster, patter patter,
On—on—like whistling winds they clatter ;
The steed and rider panting bound,
And sparks and pebbles flash around.

How flies whate'er the moon beholds !

How swift it flies—how far !

How flies whate'er the sky enfolds,

The heavens with every star !

“ Love, dost thou fear ? the moon shines clear !

Hurrah ! how swift the dead career !

Love, dost thou fear ? and dost thou dread

The dead ?” “ Ah, wo ! why name the dead ?”

“ On—on—my steed—the cock will crow—

The sand will soon be run—

The morning air begins to blow—

Ho ! ho ! the goal is won !

“ Our race is run—prepare—prepare ;

The bridal bed awaits us there ;

Ho ! ho ! how swift the dead career !

Be welcome, love, our home is here !”

And instant to an iron gate,

With loosened rein they speed ;

With slender rod he smites the grate,

And bolt and bar recede.

The gate flies back with clashing crash,

And onward over graves they dash,

Where in the moon's uncertain light,

The grave-stones gleam in ghastly white.

Lo ! in the twinkling of an eye—
Hush ! hush ! a fearful wonder !
The rider's vestments piecemeal fly,
Like tinder drop asunder !

His head a ghastly skull has grown,
For flesh, and hair, and eyes have flown ;
His form a skeleton unfolds,
An hour-glass and a scythe he holds.

The courser snorts and wildly rears,
And scatters fire around ;
And, lo ! at once he disappears
Beneath the yawning ground.

And howls and howls are heard on high,
And from the graves a mournful cry ;
How beats her heart—how heaves her breath
Tost to and fro by life and death !

Now hand in hand, by moonlight's glance,
Appear the spectral crowd,
In circling measures weave the dance,
And howl these words aloud :

“ Be patient—patient—break thy heart,
But blame not God's control !
Thy time has come with life to part ;
God's mercy on thy soul !”

MY COUSIN;

OR THE

AMUSEMENTS OF A RAINY DAY.

As some apology for the slight connection between the following chapters, it may be as well to observe, that they originally formed part of a more extended work, which the author has concluded to suppress.

MY COUSIN.

I.

LAW PROCEEDINGS.

“WHAT are you doing, John?” inquired my cousin, looking over my shoulder one rainy morning, while my pen was racing at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and my desk was breaking beneath the load of papers.

“I am copying the pleadings in an action for assault and battery; for that whereas the said defendant with force and arms, to wit, with swords, staves, ropes, hands, and feet, made an assault upon the said plaintiff, and did then and there pull said plaintiff’s nose, so that his life was greatly despaired of, and other injuries to him then and there did, against the peace of the people of this state, and to the great damage of the said plaintiff. And also, that the said defendant, on the same day and year, and at the place aforesaid, with force and arms, to wit, with swords, staves, ropes, hands, and feet, made another assault upon said plaintiff, and did then and there pull his nose, so that his life was greatly despaired of. And also”—

“That will do, John. I must devise some expedient to abridge your labour. The whole substance of the pleadings on both sides could be expressed in half a page—as for example—

Higgins vs. Wiggins—Wiggins ads. Higgins.

Declaration.

Defendant pulled plaintiff's nose.

Plea.

You lie.

Notice.

Take notice that on the trial of the above cause the defendant will insist upon, and give in evidence, under the general issue above pleaded, that before, and at, and after the said time of said supposed pulling, the said nose of said plaintiff was, then and there, of an unreasonable, unwarrantable, egregious, preposterous and impertinent length, thereby inviting and justifying such supposed pulling as aforesaid. And this defendant, by leave of the court here for this purpose first had and obtained, will further insist upon and give in evidence, that at and before the said time when, &c., this defendant requested and admonished said plaintiff to protect said nose from being pulled, by soaping the same; which reasonable request of this defendant, this defendant well hoped would have been complied with. Nevertheless, the said plaintiff not regarding, &c., but wickedly and fraudulently contriving and intending, craftily and subtly to injure and oppress this defendant in the premises, wholly and utterly neglected and refused to soap said nose, or any part thereof.

Wherefore this defendant, as he lawfully might do, peaceably and quietly laid hands upon said nose of said plaintiff, and tweaked the same with all imaginable tenderness and decorum.

Replication.

You lie.

Rejoinder.

You lie.

Surrejoinder.

You lie.

Opinion.

Per curiam. You lie on both sides.

Verdict of the Jury.

We can make neither head nor tail of the matter. Let's go to dinner.

“A most righteous verdict, in which I would readily concur, especially if the dinner was a good one. However, I would suggest that in the notice accompanying the plea, the professional pen appears to be still running riot in its accustomed luxuriance.”

“A thorough reform cannot be expected all at once. I am a friend to gradual reform; like the Irishman, who being ordered by his master to cut his dog's tail off, had not the heart to chop it all off at one blow, and humanely sliced it away little by little! But this is sorry amusement for such dismal weather, give your pen a moment's repose, while I read the paper for you.

II.

THE INDEPENDENT BANNER OF TRUTH.

PETER HANNIBAL CÆSAR SNIGGINS, *Editor and proprietor.*

NEW-YORK, *Friday, April 1.*

EDITORIAL.

OUR readers are aware that a discussion has been going on for the past week between our paper and the *Morning Oracle*, on the subject of the weather in January. As we are now about to bring it to a conclusion, we will, with our usual impartiality, present a brief summary of the arguments on both sides. On Monday last the *Oracle* came out with this extraordinary assertion: "The weather is *generally* cold in January!" Whether this egregious falsehood originated in the preposterous ignorance of the booby who *misconducts* the *Oracle*, or in his notorious contempt of veracity, we leave it to our readers to determine. Be that as it may, we immediately set the *Oracle* right in our paper of Tuesday, by stating the fact that the weather is *seldom* cold in January. The *Oracle*, with its usual intemperate violence, responded that the weather is *always* cold in January!! To which we, of course, replied that the weather is *never* cold in January.

Will our readers believe it! Yesterday, stubbornly resisting all conviction, and plunging deeper and deeper in the mire of ignorance and duplicity, the *Oracle* had the assurance to allege that the weather in January is as cold as a cucumber!! We have omitted the personalities and vituperations with which the *Oracle* has loaded us in the course of this controversy. We disdain to recriminate. We consider all personalities beneath a gentleman; and wrapt up in dignified silence, we only smile at the abuse of this idiot, this sneaking buffoon, this thrice sodden dunce, this demon in human shape—we mean in a shape intended to be human; this red-haired, blear-eyed, hump-backed, bandy-legged, bottle-nosed, long-eared donkey; this chaunting cherub, this Sing-Sing singing-bird, this bank hireling, this kitchen cabinet scullion, this shirtless ruffian; this drinking, lying, swearing, gambling, thieving, libidinous, murdering son of a gun; this walking corruption, this thrice-cow-skinned-and-ninety-nine-times-kicked poltroon, this bought and sold Judas Iscariot—this—in short, this editor of the *Oracle*. Once for all, to put an end to the controversy, we assure the *Oracle*, point blank, and to his utter confusion, that the weather in January is as hot as Vesuvius.

OUR CIRCULATION.

Our circulation! ay, there's the rub, there's the thorn in our neighbor's side, the pricks against which the clumsy foot of the *Oracle* is kicking. It is well known our circulation

exceeds that of any other paper by one hundred thousand copies. Hence we are most resorted to by advertisers; and this accounts for the malicious attacks made upon us by the *Oracle*—the following, for example:

“There is an expedient in much request with the scribblers of the day to bring anybody’s reputation into disrepute, by propounding, through the columns of a newspaper, a string of impertinent queries, calling upon the devoted individual to admit or deny that he has been guilty of the most unheard-of crimes. This course is sure of answering its purpose one way or other. Perhaps the paper never meets the eye of the accused, or, if it does, he despairs to notice it. In either case, silence is taken for confession by the candid, enlightened, and liberal publick. But if he does reply, it is still worse for him; he finds himself involved in an expensive and disgraceful newspaper controversy, and his character is ruined by the very circumstance of its being the subject of such a controversy. Shame upon the cowardly assassin who can resort to such despicable artifice! Compared to him, the barefaced libeller is respectable, for *he* is not a *coward* at least.”

We are sure the above was penned by the *Oracle* in the express object of doing us an injury; as our large circulation makes our paper the chosen vehicle for the articles so unfairly reflected upon. We accordingly have had the *Oracle* indited for malicious slander, and we confidently expect an indignant jury to award us at least ten thousand dollars damages, in righteous vindication of the liberty of the press, and as a balm to our lacerated feelings. In the mean time, we shall not be turned from the plain path of our duty; and we insert the following article, as we will any other of the kind when as well paid for. We know nothing, indeed, of Mr. Wilkins; but, if he feels himself aggrieved, we are perfectly willing to

ct with our accustomed liberality, and to publish his reply
n the usual terms.

A FEW PLAIN QUESTIONS TO MR. PETER WILKINS.

**Did or did you not poison your grandmother with a pie
made of rats, which had died of patent medicines?**

**Did or did you not throw your wife out of the garret win-
ow, and dislocate her nose?**

**Did or did you not fling your youngest son right above the
teeples of St. Patrick's cathedral, so that the poor little fellow
1 falling was impaled on the spire?**

**Did or did you not blow up the Orphan Asylum, by which
wo hundred and fifty-seven fatherless babes miserably
erished, the thermometer at the time being fifteen degrees
below zero?**

**Did or did you not set the North river on fire, to the great
rejudice of the fish market?**

Did or did you not vote against the patriotic Simpkins?

**When these questions are answered to our satisfaction, we
ave a few others to propound.**

MORE ANON.

BRING OUT THE BIG GUN!

GREAT AND GLORIOUS NEWS!!

The ball rolling and gathering as it rolls!!!

THREE CHEERS FOR OHIO!!!!

Make way for Rattle-Snake Village!!!!

We have just received advices from Ohio that Mr. McGrub, the administration candidate for the office of constable of Rattle Snake village, has been elected by a triumphant majority of three votes!!!

POSTSCRIPT.

We were somewhat premature in announcing the election of Mr. McGrub. It appears, after all, the opposition candidate has been elected by a majority of fifteen. We congratulate our readers on the result. In the last election, it will be remembered that the opposition had a majority of twenty-one, by which it appears we have acquired an accession of strength to the extent of six votes. This is decisive of the question of the triumph of pure democracy, and the indubitable elevation of Mr. Thompson, the hero of Hoboken, to the presidential chair.

BY EXPRESS.

In our anxiety to lay the latest intelligence before our readers, we incur the enormous expense of stopping the press to announce the news just come in by express—*Nothing new.*

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

The other day the king of the French observed to our distinguished statesman, Daniel Webster, that his coat ap-

ed to be rather too short for him ; to which the witty tor replied, " Ah, sire, it will be long enough before I nother." We venture to say there is nothing to match n Joe Miller.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.

sterday as a celebrated poet was patting a dog, on a en the perfidious animal made a snap at his astonished

The unfortunate individual immediately went down l-fours, and bounced about the room like a cracker, ing his tail and slavering at the mouth in all the hor- of hydrophobia. Even in this melancholy situation his cal powers did not quite forsake him, for he was dis- y and repeatedly heard to recite the following stanzas—

" Bow !

Wow !!

Ow !!!"

h is supposed to be a hymn in Irving's unknown le.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE.

is our painful duty to announce the death of our worthy -citizen, Assistant Alderman Guttle, who yesterday nitted suicide by a surfeit of turtle soup and canvass . No cause is assigned for the rash act.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Caleb Williams—Two volumes.

A leaf in the first volume is torn, and the printer's devil has left the impression of his thumb on a page of the second volume. The copy sent us by the publishers will fully justify the severity of these remarks. We therefore feel it our imperative duty to say we cannot recommend this work to our readers, but pronounce it the low, contemptible, stupid drivelling of some obscure ignoramus.

Prosy Dory—An historical romance.

We have not had time to read a word of this work; but we confidently recommend it to our readers as the most intellectual production of the age. We have no hesitation to say there is more of mind, more of that which sets people a-thinking in these two volumes, than in all Scott has ever written.

earsburgh Poetry; consisting of beautiful productions of mind and fancy in sentiment and language, aided by the prodigality of genius; a garland of miscellaneous poems, on novel and interesting subjects; also, several acrostics, ingeniously arranged and happily calculated to amuse and delight; together with a poetic eulogy on the characters of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, late presidents of the United States. By William Eaton.

This beautiful volume is the most admirable effort of poetic genius that has appeared since the death of Byron, whose vacant throne Mr. Eaton is surely destined to fill, unless anticipated by the amiable cockney, Alfred Tennyson, or the ponderous Pop Emmons. Our poet acts upon the rule of Horace, to blend amusement with instruction. The reader will certainly find both in the following stanza:

“ From seventeen hundred thirty-five,
This information I derive,
As nigh as ever I could learn,
In Boston was John Adams born.”

In speaking of Thomas Jefferson, our author displays considerable anatomical lore:

“ He, being a youth of skill and art,
Possessed of a *scientific heart*,
A curious thing this seemed to be,
To which committees did agree.”

Very curious, indeed!

We advise all who intend to acquaint themselves with Pope's “Essay on Man,” if they have not already done so, to set about it without delay; for we can assure them that

Pope's Essay will never more be heard of when it has been compared with the following essay, by William Eaton :

" An Essay.

" For poetry and crostics round,
 Some set em down for evil,
 While I in the great chair am found,
 To serve them as a swivel;
 Yet some will say, while I'm in play,
 And strive their mind to boggle,
 They'd sooner have the swivel out,
 And in its place a toggle!"
 My wig ! such poetry as this
 Must set you all a-goggle !

It may be surmised we ourselves added the two last lines as an involuntary tribute ; and we own the soft impeachment. But enough has been said to demonstrate that the poetry of William Eaton is as sublimely unintelligible as the prose of Coleridge. Praise cannot go higher.

T H E A T R E .

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

UNPARALLELED ATTRACTION !

*Stupendous, Egregious, Enormous, Prodigious, Portentous and
 Preposterous Success ! !*

In consequence of the triumphant and overwhelming success of the Grand Romantic Melo-Dramatic Tale of Terror, called

THE SIX MIDNIGHT MURDERS,

written expressly for this or any other theatre, by Mr. Caper, the celebrated London dramatist; and which has been received, night after night, by an enthusiastic and delighted audience, with shouts of applause and the most hideous approbation, it will be repeated this evening.

IN THE COURSE OF THE PERFORMANCE,

An interesting view of a Charnel House, with skulls and marrow-bones.

INVOCATION OF DEMONS.

GRAND DANCE OF GHOSTS AND SKELETONS.

Mr. Charles Brazen, Esquire, of Yorkshire, the celebrated American tragedian, will, in his popular character of Raw Head and Bloody Bones, commit six murders, to the tune of Jim Crow.

Terrific apparition of a Fiery Dragon and twenty Snap-Dragons.

Mr. Bellow, the other American tragedian, who has been pronounced by one of the printer's devils in a Boston paper, "Equal to Booth!" will perform Hamlet on horseback, standing on his head.

A Grand Procession of Starved Elephants, Dromedaries, Horses, Camels, Baboons, and Tom Cats.

Mr. Snipes, the celebrated Man-Moukey, who is nightly received with yells of applause and tears of sympathy, by a crowded and intelligent audience, will go through his extra-

ordinary performances of tumbling and scratching his head, and concluded by hanging himself to his own tail.

The celebrated Mademoiselle Tourbillon will spin round on the tip of her big-toe nail for three hours, with her left foot on a level with her ear, and bore a hole in the stage, through which she will disappear in a flash of fire and brimstone.

Terrific view of the Infernal regions.

TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION OF SQUIBS AND CRACKERS.

Terrific Combat by Miss Thumb.

AWFUL CONFLAGRATION OF SPIRITS OF WINE.

On Saturday, the celebrated Master Squall, only two years old, in Richard the Third, on which occasion the free list will be tetotaciously suspended.

ORIGINAL TALES.

THE PHANTOM BRIDE—CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

And laying her hand tremulously upon his arm, she whispered these appalling words —

(To be continued.)

MR. PETERS, THE IRISH OCCULIST.

Let all blind people look at his advertisement.

MARRIED.

Mr. John Cake to Miss Betsy Baker, all of this city.

The Baker has resigned the name,
But not the trade forsakes—
For from the marriage will proceed
A lot of Johny Cakes!

D E D :

At Tyburn of suffocation, Mr. Paul Bamboozle. He was an affectionate husband, a kind father, a generous friend, a sincere christian, and an honest man. He has left three wives and twenty children to mourn his loss.

Another revolutionary hero gone.—Died at the Bellevue Alms-House, Captain John Watson, a soldier of the Revolution, in the ninety-seventh year of his age. His memory is embalmed in the tears of a grateful country.

Steam Accident.—Yesterday the steamboat Hurricane coming in contact with the Whirlwind, by the captain's orders, both vessels put on all their steam, in spite of the remonstrances of the passengers. After an interesting race of two minutes, in which the Hurricane evidently had the advantage, unfortunately both vessels blew up, and four hundred lives were lost. No blame attaches to any one.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE MAINE QUESTION

in this un-

SETTLED

state of the weather, is how to defend ourselves from the
WAR

of elements ; persons desirous of being furnished
WITH

an antidote to the bad effects of the weather, more efficient
than any that can be imported from

ENGLAND

or elsewhere, are recommended to try Doolittle's pills, which
make the skin rain-and-water-proof, as is generally

DECLARED

by all who have tried them.

The most atrocious of murders!!! is unquestionably
suicide ; and no better name can be given to the folly of
those who neglect to make use of Dr. Flasher's Universal
Vegetable Soothing Syrup. Price two dollars a bottle.

N. B. Sold only at Mrs. Smith's thread and needle store,
Mr. Dobbin's second-hand furniture warehouse, Mr. Moses'
pawnbroker's office, Mr. Snob's junk-shop, and Mr. Flasher's
Universal Vegetable Soothing Syrup office.

TAKE NOTICE.—*Important caution to the public.—Cave ne
tibus.* No druggist is authorized to vend this medicine.

Postscript. Beware of licensed physicians and surgeons! Misled by an unfortunate acquaintance with medicine and anatomy, they never recommend Dr. Flasher's Universal Vegetable Soothing Syrup!!!

N. B. Advice gratis, (to buy the syrup.)

T H E L O V E R S .

A Tale of Truth.

The young, beautiful, and accomplished Seraphina Angelica Mortimer was engaged to the amiable and interesting G. Washington Clifford, Esq. ; but there is no durable happiness in this world ; and the lovely victim fell a prey to the most insidious of diseases, consumption. The unhappy Clifford was in despair. Imagine his felicity, when, on calling to inquire after the health of his adorable Angelica, he found her, whom he had left on the bed of death, dancing a *pas seul* before a splendid mirror, in a magnificent gilt frame ! On inquiring as to the cause of her miraculous restoration, she pointed her delicate little finger, with exultation, to a row of shelves filled with empty pill boxes, labelled, “Dr. Gullem's eternity pills.” Price, 50 cents a box.

TO DR. THOMAS HUMMEM.

We the subscribers having experienced the surprising benefits of your genuine vegetable corn-plaister, have learned with deep concern that it is your intention to leave the city for the purpose of returning to the bosom of your family. We take the liberty, in the name of suffering humanity, to implore you to remain to relieve the corns of our afflicted fellow-citizens.

DANIEL DRUM,
Pastor of the only Christian Church.

MARY ANN DUMPS.

PATRICK HIGGINBOTHAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT BANNER OF TRUTH.

DEAR SIR,

I had intended to return to the bosom of my family, from which I have been separated for many years, but I am unable to resist the above pathetic appeal in behalf of my suffering fellow-creatures, and I therefore request you to inform the numerous and respectable petitioners, that it is my intention to remain in the city.

THOMAS HUMMEM, M. D.
Corn Plasterer to her Majesty, the Queen of England.

N. B. The poor are invited to call gratis, between one and two, p. m., when the doctor is not at home.

To L E T—*A store*

y of interested physicians, that consumption cannot be cured, prevent your making trial of Dr. Noddy's pills, a piece of credulity unworthy of this enlightened community.

\$10,000 REWARD.

A Challenge to all the World.

Professor Abraham Puffinblow, teacher of the anti-circular system of writing, challenges any competitor in teaching the following branches, in six easy lessons of one hour each: Biography, Geography, Astronomy, Algebra, Mathematics, Geometry, Navigation, Surveying, Music, Dancing, moral principles, Needle-work and plain Sewing, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Dutch, Russia, Kamschatan, Hindoo, Chinese, English, Scotch, Irish, all which can be taught to a sole family in one week, the baby included.

Early application is advisable, as Professor Puffinblow contemplates going to Europe with his family, consisting of his wife Deborah, aged 52, his daughter, Barbara Polynnia Tisiphona, aged 13, and his son, Abraham Silenus Patulacius Puffinblow, aged fourteen years, two months, and six days.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Plain Truth will not suit our columns. Common Sense is inadmissible. We don't know what Honesty means. Decency is respectfully declined. No mistake is under a great mistake ; we can tell him our paper is not the proper vehicle for personalities. We admit that till within these few days we have justly held up Mr. Snooks to public execration as a thief, a liar, and a cut-throat ; but we wish No Mistake to understand that since Mr. Snooks has become a subscriber to our paper, there is no longer any truth in such aspersions ; we will, however, print No Mistake's communication, *if paid for*. A Nuisance is under consideration.

III.

RAT CATCHING.

“Now you have finished *your* paper, let me read you this from the Courier and Enquirer. It may put something in your pocket, or at least in your head.”

“I am all attention.”

To Rat Catchers.—Any person acquainted with the mode of destroying rats without using poison, can receive a liberal compensation for his services by addressing H. H., at this office, stating his address, and the hours at which he can be seen.

“You are right, John. That is quite in my line. Hand us a pen.”

TO H. H. OFFICE OF THE COURIER AND ENQUIRER.

SIR—I reply to the above advertisement, I beg leave to inform you that in the course of my scientific and philosophical researches, I have discovered many methods of destroying rats without the use of poison, which I proceed to lay before you for your advisement:

First.—There is believed to be, somewhere in the savage wilds of America, an animal of the genus *Tom Cattus*, of

whose capacity for rat-extermination: an. interesting account may be found in the History of the Life and Adventures of Richard Whittington, late Lord Mayor of London.

Secondly.—There is an ingenious mechanical invention, which Will Shakspeare designates a “mouse trap;” by which commentators say he means a *rat-trap*—indeed, Doctor Johnson defines a mouse to be a young rat: as a musket is a young cannon, and a pistol a little son of a gun. Honorable mention of this invention is made in the History of England, reign of George the third ; it being related of that monarch that, on finding a rat-trap at a peasant’s cottage, he inquired to what purpose it was intended. “ To catch rats, sire.” “ And how do the rats get in ?” “ Through them there holes, an’ please your majesty.” “ And what makes ‘em go in ?” “ A bait of toasted cheese.” “ And why don’t the fools come out again at one of these holes ?” inquired his majesty, thrusting his finger into one of them—no answer was necessary.

If you consider a rat-trap *too* expensive, there is another contrivance: as it were, a natural rat-trap ; the maner of using which will appear from the following story : Moses, the parish clerk, went to church with a wig well powdered with meal ; and, before Parson Dozey had got through with his “ eleventhly,” poor Moses fell fast asleep, leaning with his head back and his mouth wide open. A parish mouse, attracted by the meal, invaded his wig, and, in the course of his devastating march, let his tail fall down over Moses’ face. Moses, feeling something tickling his mouth, shut it with

a sudden snap, and with the most brilliant success, biting off the tail and two hind legs of the unhappy depredator !

Another expedient, which Pindar informs us has been made use of, is to collect a few hundred men, women, children, and dogs, armed with guns, pistols, broomsticks, brick-bats, and teeth ; then set fire to the house infested with the vermin, and as they scamper from the flames, fall upon them both and nail, and exterminate the whole generation.

Lastly.—Invite them to a public meeting in the Park, and read to them the newspaper accounts of steamboat explosions and rail-road accidents for the last month, and you will effectually frighten them out of their skins—which skins you will do well to collect and sell to the furrier.

In consideration of these suggestions, do me the favor to send the “liberal compensation,” directed to Solomon Sly, office of the New-York Mirror.

SOLOMON SLY.

The above was duly forwarded, but we regret to say the “liberal compensation” has never come to hand.

IV.

MY GRANDFATHER'S WIG.

I took up my pen—to lay it down again; I took up another—to dash it, as Saul did his javelin, into the wall, where it hung in tremulous uncertainty, like an uncommitted politician ; and, like him, at last made up its mind to accept a place—ready, however, to drop off as soon as might suit its convenience. I tried a third pen—I dashed it on the floor ; I gnashed my teeth ; I darted my convulsed fingers through the wild luxuriance of my hair—(which has not been trimmed these six months, owing to my disapprobation to the strike among hair-dressers)—I clenched my fists—I set my feet ; I leaped up to the ceiling, somewhat to the prejudice of my head, and descending like a thunderbolt or a mad bull, crushed the detested pen into a thousand pieces.

“ Bless me ! my dear John,” exclaimed my admiring cousin, “ what, in the name of Socrates, has disturbed the serenity of your philosophical mind ?”

“ The post will be off in five minutes. This letter is of great consequence. Do, my dear cousin, sit down and finish it for me from my dictation.”

My unsuspecting cousin stepped to my vacated seat and helped himself to a pen.

“ Well, I am ready.”

“ What was the last word I wrote ? Oh—the first syllable of bankruptcy. Go on and say, ‘ *ruptcy* has actually taken place, and of course you will not confide the goods to his agent.’ ”

“ Stop, while I write.”

Write, indeed ! the pen made no more impression upon the paper, than Sir Walter Scott’s imitators can make upon the reader ; they being to Scott what Alexander’s successors were to Alexander. My cousin quietly laid down the pen and selected another. Blot—blot—blot—blot. Another : scratch—scratch—scratch. And yet another : dig—dig—dig. And another yet : tear—tear—tear.

“ By the wig of my grandfather ! ” exclaimed my cousin, wiping his brow.

“ And why not by his soul ? ”

“ Because, of the two, the old gentleman appeared to set the most value upon his wig.”

“ How so ? ”

“ I will tell you directly. But to go on with the letter. I have not yet finished the *r* : I will try what can be done with this pen.”

Split—split—split—split.

My cousin took up the only remaining pen, and put forth the whole strength of his arm and soul to master its perverseness. It shivered ; a fragment flew up and saluted his eye ;

he pushed over the desk, he kicked the chair from him, and danced about, now on one leg, now on the other, with a disregard of the established principles of saltatory exercise, which would have shocked Mr. Charraud ; and withal he swore like a mosstrooper, or a member of congress.

'The fragment had only hit his eye without taking lodgings in it ; and the pain, though intense at first, was soon gone, "just like love." My cousin took up the card on which the pens had been filed and read the inscription, which was in a beautiful blue and red livery.

"*Stumpem's quintuple patent pens.*"

"*A quintuple patent curse confound them !*"

"*Warranted to write one hundred lines at a single dip.*"

"*Yes, if they will write one line at one hundred dips.*"

"*Pen-mending totally superseded.*"

"*Indeed ! pens like these are past mending !*"

I looked at my watch ; it was too late for the post. My cousin tore the letter and lighted a cigar, in whose ambrosial vapors the clouds of vexation evaporated from his brow. - I drew my chair to the fire, and pointing with my toe to the grate, which was heaped up to the top with glowing coals, I propounded the following query :

"*Why is this grate like an empty one ?*"

My cousin took the cigar from his mouth, and looked wistfully at its gathering ashes in search of inspiration. After a few moments' meditation, he laid his finger on his sagacious nose, and winking, (for in spite of poor Mrs. Trollope's indignant reviewers, Americans do wink sometimes,) winking I say, he replied *****

And all his good humor returned.

Observing this, I drew my chair nearer to him.

“ What was that you were saying about your grandfather’s wig ?”

“ Whether I had a grandfather or not,” said my cousin, “ is more than I shall take it upon me to say of my own knowledge, for I never saw him myself. So all I am about to relate rests only on hearsay evidence.”

“ My grandfather was a hearty old lad, with a rich nose, and a pair of cheeks bearing their blushing honors thick upon them. His waist was of great service to a neighboring schoolmaster, in explaining to the little boys, puzzling over their geography, what is meant by a hemisphere. His step was firm and somewhat heavy, so that whenever Broadway was repaving, which you know happens every month, if my grandfather chanced to cross on the newly-laid stones, the pavers rested on their mallets and blest him for the labor he saved them. The only signs of the encroachments of age which forced themselves upon my grandfather’s notice, were a difficulty of breathing and the daily depletion of his hair, which, white as it was, he preferred to no hair at all. He combed it and brushed it, he greased it and perfumed it, he twisted and curled it, he stroked it and coaxed it, but all would not do ; it thinned and thinned like melting snow, or a poet’s purse, or an ill-starred theatre.

“ While my grandfather was fretting and grumbling at the idea of surrendering the last honors of his head to the scythe of time, (who, considering he is himself somewhat declined

into the vale of years, exhibits a wonderful deficiency of sympathy for the feelings of other old gentlemen,) fortunately, as he thought, he met with an advertisement in the *Independent Banner of Truth*. Now, as my grandfather had taken that paper regularly for the last twenty years, it was a natural consequence that he pinned his faith upon the veracity of all its contents, and had followed its lead through all its political vagaries, so that he was often at a loss to recollect which party he belonged to. But to do the *Banner* justice, it was a paper of more than ordinary political consistency, and seldom changed sides more than six times a year ; and then it滑ed from one side to the other with such easy and imperceptible grace, that the majority of its readers were unconscious of the transition, and the rest were struck dumb with admiration.

“ The following, as near as I can recollect, was the advertisement which arrested my grandfather’s wondering eye :

“ \$100,000.—I, William W. Williams, do hereby certify that I have been for the last twenty-five years of my life grievously afflicted with the pleurisy, dyspepsia, gout, rickets, headache, toothache, stomachache, teething, thrush, whooping cough, plethora, consumption, hydrocephalus, marasmus, lumbago, rheumatism, yellow fever, small pox, cholera, measles, elephantiasis, colic, asthma, baldness, deafness, dumbness, lameness, blindness, lynacy ; and divers other complaints too numerous to mention in the limits of an advertisement. But fortunately having been recommended to make trial of Dr. Zachariah Doolittle’s Genuine Chinese Teetotal Vegetable Anti-Mercurial Ching-chang-chong-chung Pills, by the blessing of heaven, after the use of one box and a half, I was completely restored to my health.

WILLIAM W. WILLIAMS,
109 Ninth Avenue.

Sworn before me, T. FLUMMERY, Commissioner, &c.

NOTE.—Prevention is better than cure. While in the enjoyment of health we don't reflect it is ten to one we may get sick before we die. Since, then, oh man and woman and child, these pills will prevent as well as cure all the ills which flesh and blood are heir at law to; call at the Doolittletonian office, No. 537 Dutch-street, and buy a few boxes, price fifty cents per box.

CAUTION.—The celebrity of these pills has induced several unprincipled vendors to counterfeit a spurious article. They have even the depravity to imitate the green label! To prevent imposition, be certain to ask for Dr. Doolittle's Genuine Chinese Teetotal Vegetable Anti-Mercurial Ching-chang-chong-chung Pills. None are genuine unless signed,

ZACHARIAH X DOOLITTLE,
his
mark.

M. D. G. C. T. V. A. M. C. C. C. C. A. M.

In any other paper this advertisement would not have been noticed by my grandfather; but was it not in the *Independent Banner of Truth*? Of course, it must be true every word of it. Whereupon being immensely tickled at the idea of laying in a fresh supply of breath and hair, and keeping the gout, rheumatism, and other usual attendants of old age at a respectful distance out of pill-shot, he grasped his cane, which, like himself, was silver-headed, and strode manfully to No. 537 Dutch-street. To prevent imposition, in asking for the pills, he referred to the paper and read their title from the advertisement pretty correctly, only he made some confusion with the changs and chings and chongs. Having carefully authenticated the signatures, he bought a dozen boxes and went home as fast as he could, impatient to begin the mighty work.

My grandfather being a prudent man, took only one of the

pills at first, and it turned him inside out ; then he took another, and it turned him outside in, or he would never after have been fit to be seen. But the rudeness of the process did not agree with a man of his quiet habits. He was confined to his bed for a month ; he felt as if he had breathed his last ; and he was obliged to wear a nightcap to keep his hair from blowing off. His faith was shaken in the *Independent Banner of Truth*, and the editor of that paper having been so ill-advised, soon after, as to raise the subscription a few shillings, my grandfather suddenly discovered that there was a great falling off in the spirit of its columns ; and penned the following emphatic expression of his critical acumen, which he despatched by his servant :

“Please stop my paper.”

My grandfather's patronage was transferred to the *Morning Oracle* ; in which he found the advertisement of a person calling himself Doctor De Bite, from Paris ; who, after administering a wholesome rebuke to the arrogant pretenders to universal remedies, announced that he confined his pretensions to restoring hair to the bald, and bloom to the faded. Now, as my grandmother's roses had been for some time in the “sear and yellow leaf,” she persuaded her husband they might as well have recourse to this unpretending Doctor De Bite. The result may be easily anticipated ; the Genuine Nova Scotia Ointment for the growth of the hair, stripped my grandfather of every hair of his head ; and by virtue of the Genuine Italian Carnation Lotion, my grandmother's cheeks were dyed with an imperishable scarlet, which they

carried to the grave, for its victorious color triumphed over death himself. Unfortunately, too, out of the curiosity natural to an old woman, she had dipped her nose into the lotion, by way of smelling out its properties.

Somewhat disturbed by results so unexpected, my grandfather summoned De Bite to appear before him. That worthy complied without hesitation. My grandfather took the liberty to explain his sentiments at considerable length, enforcing his eloquence as the great orator of antiquity recommends, with "action, action, action." De Bite made no attempt to interrupt him; indeed you should never interrupt an angry person, for that is pouring oil upon fire. Do as De Bite did: let him scold himself out of breath, and he will be effectually silenced.

With a villainous effort to Frenchify his English with a few words he had picked out of a tattered grammar, and knew not how to pronounce or to use in the right place, the pretended Frenchman responded in manner and form following, to wit:

"What willez youez havez? May soy! Havez youez ever haddez a tooth drawn—painer, as we Frances say?"

My grandfather groaned at an agonizing recollection.

"I mean, jentend, when you was a little boy—un pew garson—as we Frances say. Lorska the old tooth come out to make way for the new tooth, sest non ray? Well, sest towt a fait the same with your hair; the old hair senva, goes away to make room for the new hair—the noof, as we

Frances call it. Comme donk? It is all right and comme il fort, *cest non ray!*"

My grandfather made no answer; the novel point of view in which the subject was placed, plunged him into the depths of silent meditation. Not so my grandmother. Crimsoned no less with anger than with the lotion, she seized the pause to pour out her own abjurations.

De Bite shrunk not, but shrugged his shoulders as Frenchman never shrugged.

"Ah, madame! *cest pity, cest damage*, as we Frances say. Madame has took too much—*fort de trop*—which shows it *is* a good thing, for too much of a good thing is good for nothing, you knowez. Never mind—*cest eagle*—I have some cream of pearl, which will set it all to rights."

And madam was mollified, and the cream of pearl was bespoke. No flour speculator of the present day understands his business so well as De Bite did, for by a mere change of its name he sold his flour at ten dollars an ounce.

My grandfather waited with exemplary impatience for a new growth of hair, but waited in vain. He had been a pretty fellow in his youth, and a pretty fellow he had determined to be to the last; but now he could never look in the glass without distorting his countenance with furious grimaces. His health and spirits visibly declined. He took to reading Halestead on Dyspepsia, and at that alarming symptom, his friends agreed it was all over with him.

But it was not.

One day as he was perambulating Broadway, his eye was caught by the window of a perruquier. Heavens! what an angel of a wig! My grandfather rushed into the shop, and pointed to the wig, which was immediately handed to him. He tried it on, looked in the glass, and cut a caper of delight. He paid the perruquier's demand without hesitation, and then strode across the way to a fashionable hatter's, where he purchased the most expensive hat in the shop, to do honor to his wig.

While he was strutting down Broadway with a weight of glory on his head, a gentleman whom he did not recollect having ever seen before, approached in the opposite direction, who, taking off his hat and holding it out at the full length of his arm, made my grandfather a profound bow. The old gentleman, though wondering who the stranger could be, returned the compliment no less profoundly, so that his eyes were for a moment fixed on the pavement; but at a sudden jerk he uncurved himself, and perceived that his friend unknown, had snatched his new hat, and was running off with it as if a bull was at his heels.

One, two, three, and away! Off they go—the thief and my grandfather. Run, boys, run! Speed, daddy, speed! Away they go—down Murray-street to Church, up Church to Reade, down Reade to Washington, up Washington to Jay, up Jay to Hudson, down Hudson to Thomas, up Thomas to Church, down Church to Leonard, up Leonard to Broadway, down Broadway to the place of beginning: “be the same more or less.”

Away and away they went ; and all the fools in the streets left everything else to take part in the race ; and shopmen darted out, and clerks upset their inkstands, and doors flew open, and windows flew up, and servants flew out. "Fire! fire ! fire !" screamed the muddy-faced vagabonds ; "Stop thief!" panted my grandfather ; and the cry ran among the crowd—"Stop thief! murder! fire! water! slang! bang! whang !" And away and away they go, hurry-scurry !

On goes the thief, and on goes my grandfather, throwing down or stumbling over five men, seven women, ten children, thirteen dogs, eleven fruit-stands, six chimney-sweeps, and swine without number. At last my grandfather was forced to give in. He sank exhausted upon the steps of the Park Theatre, panting like a rhinoceros. He took his wig off, and held it in his left hand, while with the right he wiped the perspiration from his head.

A grave gentleman passing by, stopped and gazed at him compassionately.

"What is the matter, my dear sir ?"

"A villain has—sto-len my hat—and I am—so tired—ugh—with run-ning after him—I can't—move a step—ugh!"

"Not a step!"

"Not a step."

"Then here goes for your wig."

And the grave gentleman snatched the wig, rolled it up, and put it into his pocket.

"Good by, sir."

And nodding carelessly, he turned on his heel quite leisurely, leaving my grandfather in bald amazement.

“ Burn my wig !” ejaculated my grandfather, as soon as he could articulate.

After an hour’s reflection and repose, he was sufficiently recovered to decide what was to be done. He returned to the perruquier.

“ This is fortunate,” said the *artiste*; “ the wig you have lost, sir, added only five years to your juvenility ; but here, sir, here is one which will sweep twenty years at once from the sum total of your age, and make you a younger man than your youngest son. But I hope you will be careful of your wig this time, my good sir, for there is not another like it to be had in the world, for love or money.”

And my grandfather was careful of it. The next day being Sunday, he went to church to exhibit the glories of his new wig. The congregation, who, year after year, and Sunday after Sunday had been accustomed to stare at the whiteness of his head, now stared indeed at its blackness. A buzz of admiration drowned the voice of the preacher ; and the eyes most apt to wander in church, wandered not a moment from my grandfather’s raven locks. It was evident the congregation thought more of his wig than of their souls. No wonder if my grandfather did.

Service being over, he went home, and had just sat down to dinner, when a deacon of the church entered, with a countenance of vinegar solemnity.

“ My friend,” said the deacon, “ I have come to speak a word in season.”

"It will be more seasonable after dinner. Take a seat and help yourself."

The deacon reconnoitred the table, recognised his most valued acquaintance, a roast-turkey, and sat down without further pressing. After the cloth was removed, the deacon hemmed and hummed, and at last said :

"You are aware, sir, of the cause of this visitation?"

"Not that I know of."

"Pray, sir, is this hair your own?"

"That puts me in mind of a story of Dean Swift; he met a porter carrying a hare on his shoulder, and asked him if it was his own hair or a wig."

"I know nothing about Dean Swift," said the deacon. "What I ask you, in the name of the church, is this, sir: is this hair your own?"

"That puts me in mind—but I believe I told you the story before—well, to be sure it is my own hair, for I paid for it."

"Ah! you own it then?"

"Own it? Who else should own it?"

"I mean, you own it to be a wig."

"What else should it be?"

"My friend, you are getting old, and should think of better things. To wear a wig at your time of life, is to indulge the lusts of the flesh and the vanities thereof; and moreover it is a stumbling-block and an offence to those that be weak among the brethren. Wherefore I say unto you, my friend, you must part with your wig, if you have any regard for your soul."

"I would sooner part with my soul!" said my grandfather.

V.

A CHAPTER ON CURLS.

“ Peace to the old gentleman’s soul, and may his wig flourish for ever ! But come to the window, my cousin. Is not that a beautiful girl ?”

“ It is her own fault if she is not ; but I cannot admire any countenance where the forehead is made to assume the shape of an inverted V, by being hid, as well as half the cheek, under a plaster of hair. Give me the open brow—the floating curl—the ——”

“ No more of that, my cousin ; it is not the fashion.”

“ Out upon fashion ! It is but another name for deformity and folly. Yet in every part of the world, civilized or savage, wherever woman is, there is fashion at her elbow to whisper that ‘ God has made her out of taste.’ At the dictates of this fantastic goddess, the Parisian belle tinges her cheek with rouge, while she of Greenland trowels on a plaster of blue and yellow ; the Indian reddens her teeth, the Guzurat blackens them, and the Japanese gilds them, all in homage to fashion. On the same principle of devotion to fashion, the belle is redolent of oils and pomatums, and the

Hottentot of grease ; the belle crushes her ribs in steel and whalebone ; the Chinese tortures her foot into deformity and uselessness ; but it is chiefly in regard to the hair that I resent the interference of fashion. For what saith Apulius ?

‘ The hair is as great an ornament to the head as the most magnificent robes can be to the body. Shave the head of the handsomest woman that ever existed, thus divesting her countenance of its natural ornament, and were she descended from the skies, engendered of the sea, cradled in the bosom of the waves—in a word, were she Venus herself, attended by the loves and the graces, and adorned with her cestus, still her bald head would deprive her of all her power of pleasing. Vulcan himself would turn away with disgust.

‘ But what can be more charming than the locks of a beautiful woman, glistening in the sun with a fitful splendor before the dazzled eye ; some, of the shining auburn, whose golden light gradually embrowns toward the roots ; others dark as the plumage of the raven, and changeable as the throat of the pigeon. And what a beautiful sight it is to see a profusion of long hair rolling down, and floating apart upon the shoulders ! ’

“ The poet and the painter are peculiarly susceptible to the beautiful. Their descriptions or delineations of female beauty are justly considered the standard of taste on that subject ; and yet, in one respect, it is the pleasure of dear, lovely, foolish woman, to depart as widely from that standard as possible. Hair was given to her for a beauty and an

ornament: it is her will to make it a deformity. She has, indeed, abandoned, for the present, the Hottentot system which was in fashion less than a century ago, and which will probably return before the present century expires, namely, the custom of plastering up her hair, tier above tier, with grease, powder, and the genius of filth knows what, baking the whole together in a species of brick-kiln. This is discarded for the present, and I thank heaven on my knees for it; but even now, if I wish to delight my eye with such a head of hair as the poet or painter can contemplate with pleasure, I must look for it among children, not yet disfigured with the manacles of fashion. As soon as a girl has outgrown her happy and beautiful childhood, she gives herself up to ugliness; buries her exquisite little arms in a pair of those awful balloons, which obliged our corporation to widen half the streets of the city; mangles and bruises her waist in an infernal machine of steel and whalebone; plants corn upon her toes, in emulation of Cinderella's sisters; and—climax of horrors! the wretch abandons her curls, twists her hair like a skein of yarn, plaits it like the tail of an armadilla, coils it up like a rope, exposing my particular aversion, a few straggling hairs on the back of the neck; and fortifies her head with a formidable *cheveux-de-frise* of combs and pins! Wo to the rash man who ventures to lay a caressing hand upon a woman's head! it will prove a dangerous business. Whether she completes her enormities, as Goldsmith insinuates, by wearing, for her husband's detestation, "six greasy night-caps," I can tell better when I am married. I

will only observe, *en passant*, that I cannot tolerate even one night-cap. One of the inconsistencies of women, which has always perplexed and displeased me, is, that with the power to wear natural *curls*, she gives the preference to *artificial* ones.

“ As they were better stolen from the dead
Than of the native beauty of their head.”

“ But on that subject I shall say no more ; since Shakspeare himself has in vain launched the artillery of half his sonnets against *false* *curls*. Eloquence may fail—reason succumb—but fashion is omnipotent.”

“ Have you not met with some exceptions ?”

“ Yes, and it does my heart good to mention it. You recollect, for example, the lady at the last ball, who shone the brightest in a firmament of beauty. What elegant simplicity of dress ! what grace in her movements ! what sweetness in her smile !

“ And in her eyes there was such light
As beautifies the waken'd sun,
Advancing to the throne of night
When stars are dying one by one.
Her cheek was freshened by the glow
Of roses melting into snow.

The clusters of her raven hair,
In showers of darkness, fell to deck
Her marble brow, nor lingered there—
But wantoned round her snowy neck,
Till stealing to her breast's embrace,
They slept in that sweet hiding-place.”

here now, my dears, *that* is the way to arrange your
my satisfaction ; there is only one other shape in
it can give me pleasure, and what that is, you can
from the following lines.

THE RINGLET.

Though to thee this little tress
Brings no thought of loveliness :
Nothing that mine eye can meet,
For that eye hath charm as sweet ;
Nor such witchery is spread
By the locks on beauty's head ;
Whether their dishevelled dance
Floats in wild luxuriance,
Or their gently waving rings
Fall in sunny glistenings ;
Or in their ambrosial wreath—
Violets and roses breathe ;
Or in regal band controlled,
They entwine with gems and gold.
Whether, their light clusters through,
Peeps the laughing eye of blue ;
Or the shade of raven wing,
O'er the eye of night they fling.
Know, if thou wouldest have me tell
Whence it hath derived a spell,—
Far all other charms above—
'Twas her first fond gift of love.

VI.

LAW REPORTS.

“ And still we are prisoners to rain. In very desperation, I will read a volume of Johnson’s Reports.”

“ I will save you the trouble,” said my cousin, taking up a book, which appeared to be Longworth’s Directory; and he proceeded to read what I have never since been able to find in that interesting work.

New-York, Common Pleas. Flam v. Sham.

This was an action in a plea of humbug. It appeared in evidence that the plaintiff had written to the defendant, to inquire if they had any *green cucumbers* to dispose of. The defendant wrote in reply, that he had one thousand green cucumbers, and the plaintiff might have them at the rate of one dollar per hundred. The plaintiff, in consequence, transmitted the defendant the sum of ten dollars, and made a great preparation, inviting all his brethren to a feast of cucumbers; but, when the goods arrived, it was found that the cucumbers

were white. The plaintiff contended that the defendant had not fulfilled his part of the contract, and this action was brought for the recovery of the sum advanced.

Stokes, for the plaintiff, contended that white cucumbers could not be comprehended under the appellation of green cucumbers; for it is an established principle of law that black is not white; ergo, white is not green. *25 Johns. Rep.* 200.

Nokes, for defendant. It is notorious that all cucumbers are white when they are green; as, indeed, that is the best evidence of their greenness. *12 Dow.* 289. *6 Ves.* 490. *3 Atk.* 76. It has also been laid down by Lord Eldon, that blackberries are red when they are green. *36 Ch. Rep.* 286.

Stokes. With submission to my learned brother, the case cited is irrelevant. The principles of a court of equity are not applicable at common law, for law is one thing and equity another. *6 Ves. & B.* 37. *12 Ves. jr.* 30. *Blackstone*, 145. Besides, green blackberries can be applied to some useful purpose; for instance, to be boiled up into dye-stuff; but I put it to the court, what use in the world can a man make of white cucumbers!

Nokes. He can feed his hogs with them. *3 Chitty*, 507.

Stokes. The court must take into consideration the object with which the plaintiff sent for the cucumbers. It appears by the evidence that it was to feast his brethren; now, feasting his hogs would not answer that purpose; for no person can say that the hogs are the plaintiff's brethren, without calling the plaintiff a hog, and that is actionable, and

derogatory to the dignity of the court. 4 *Starkie*, 75. 3 *Alt.* 6. 2 *Jac.* 999. 1 *Bla.* 446. 14 *Hopk.* 512. 2 *Dick.* 609.

Nokes. It is considered by philosophers that there is no such thing as color, that it is something merely imaginary; and of this there can be no doubt; for here's black, white, green, red, and blue; let the court shut their eyes, and they are all one.

Stokes. I put it to my learned brother, whether it would be all one to him whether his nose were red or green?

[Here the nose in question reddened more than ever.]

Nokes. I appeal to the court against personal reflections.

The plaintiff's counsel was called to order, and the court expressed a wish to see the articles in respect to which the controversy was brought. The cucumbers were accordingly produced, and, after minute inspection and profound deliberation, the court delivered the following learned and elaborate opinion.

Per curiam. This is a case of great importance and some difficulty. On the one hand it is contended that white is not green; and on the other, that all green cucumbers are white. But it appears, that both plaintiff and defendant have mistaken their grounds. Upon inspecting the articles, it is evident they are neither white nor green, being both. There is a case in point. In the celebrated case of *Stradling versus Stiles*, it was decided, that pied horses did not come under the denomination of *black and white horses*, being neither black nor white, but both. As to the suggestion of the defendant's counsel to shut our eyes, and then the colors will

be alike, it merits our severest reprobation, as calling upon the court to decide *blindly*, which is inconsistent with the perfection of human reason, and our known regard to justice. The defendant contends that green cucumbers are all white ; then, by his own showing, these cucumbers are not green, inasmuch as they are not all white, but spotted with green in divers places. The defendant, therefore, has not fulfilled his part of the contract, and the money must be refunded. You will accordingly find for the plaintiff.

Motion in arrest of judgment, on the ground that the plaintiff had, in the declaration, erroneously spelled the articles *cucumbers* instead of *covcumber*.

This motion was resisted by the plaintiff's counsel, on the ground that the defendant had made use of the same erroneous orthography in the pleadings.

Per curiam. The motion is well taken. A word of such importance ought to be properly spelled ; but the defendant, having committed the same error, has no right to the remedy he seeks. Even the suggested correction is erroneous, and the court thinks it due to its dignity to reprimand all parties for their disregard of the proper orthography of the word, which is *kowkumber*. The motion is denied, with costs.

VII.

THE LAST WORDS OF A BACHELOR.

“ Don’t you think it will hold up ? ”

“ Can’t say. There is a great holding up of umbrellas.”

“ O dear ! ” And I sauntered mournfully to the window for the fiftieth time within the last five minutes, and looked wistfully through the streaked panes as if to stare the rain out of countenance. “ Stare away ! ” said the rain, as plain as it could speak.

“ There—look there—good news—don’t you see that man is carrying his umbrella folded up ? It is evidently clearing off.”

“ I am glad to hear it, if you say so,” replied my cousin.

“ Why, don’t you see he has tied up his umbrella ? ”

“ Good reason why, it is blown to pieces ! ”

“ Oh dear ! ”

“ And look there at the procession of umbrellas, with dripping wretches sneaking along under them ; red, blue, green, black, brown ; umbrella follows umbrella, presenting the variety of hues, but not the cheering promise of the rainbow.”

“ O dear ! how I hate an umbrella !”

“ Then you will have no objection to lend me yours.”

“ Excuse me, my very good cousin ; I will lend it you with all the pleasure in the world while you remain here, but cannot permit it to go out of the office.”

“ Well, then, I must try to do without,” said my cousin.

“ But it is time to be off. Pity you can’t come along !”

“ This intolerable influenza !”

“ I told you what would be the consequence, when you were sporting your new hat yesterday in the winds of March, ‘ the sunny month of March,’ as Felicia Hemans terms it, with unfeeling irony. If you had only worn a cap !”

And my cousin departed ; and I was alone—yet not alone—the influenza remained to keep me company ; and headache came—I could never see the use of headache.

Did you ever experience a sensation as if a steam-engine of a hundred thousand horse power were at work within your pericranium, clicking and clacking, clinking and clanging, creaking and screeching, thumping and banging, crashing and crushing, and playing the very deuce with your unhappy brain ? Do you feel the blood bubbling and boiling up, hissing and whizzing, swelling the veins of your head till they nigh burst with agony, and every throb tears like an earthquake ? Does your cheek glow, your forehead redden ? Do you start at every fall of pussy’s velvet foot on the soft carpet, as if a giant were trampling upon your brain ? Do you strike your forehead with your right hand, and then try the left with the like result ? and then resort to both fists, in unconscious imitation of Kean when he exclaimed :

“ O Lear ! Lear ! Lear !
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out !”

Do you first lean, and then beat your head against the wall ? Do you fling yourself into a seat, fold your arms upon the table, recline your head upon them—and start up with a groan of despair ? Do you dash yourself upon the floor and toss about in all the varieties of a posturemaster ? Do you spring to your feet, snatch up, “ Beccaria on Crimes,” and study the chapter on suicide ? If with all this you know not what is the matter, come to me and I will give it as my candid opinion, you have the headache or something like it. Such were my occupations and amusements after my cousin left me, while waiting the good pleasure of the weather to permit my going home. Books *might* have been a resource, though I doubt if my throbbing eyeballs could have dwelt long even on a Waverley novel ; but all the books in my office are manuscripts of business transactions, two or three volumes of law, a copy of Walker’s Dictionary, and Longworth’s New-York Directory ; which last being the most amusing of all, I toiled in very desperation through the editor’s pathetic denunciation of the atrocious borrowers of his useful book, and yawned over the important articles in the chronological table, such as the “ sloop St. Louis was launched in June, 1828 ;” “ Tom, a negro slave, died in April, 1829,” &c. &c. &c. Tired of this, I was thrown upon the resources of my mind, and endeavoured to console myself by inditing the following bombast :

Though oft this head must be a glebe of pain,
Which the particular throb of every vein—
Tears like an earthquake, nor shall on it play
One flash of glory's consecrating ray ;
Yet if within this fevered brain may roll
The high conceptions of the poet's soul,
This pained, unhonoured head, may well contemn
Health, glory, and imperial diadem !

The day had been dark ever since the sun *ought* to have risen ; but now even the gloomy phantom of daylight was vanishing. I returned to the window, and after an earnest stare, was satisfied there was no rain to be seen.

The number of umbrellas, indeed, was rather unfavorable to the conclusion I wished to draw ; but doubtless, said I, those persons I see go past with umbrellas up, are in delicate health like myself, and carry them for a protection against the dampness of the air, as I intend to do with mine. The rain has certainly had time to stop. At any rate it won't do to sleep at the office, and I am in a hurry to get home—" Home ! home ! sweet home !"

And yet my home offered no particular attractions. I could not, and indeed I did not, expect to find a wife there to welcome me with the sunlight of her smiles, nor a rosy child to start up and shout " Papa !" and leap quivering into my arms.

I would there were a loving eye
To watch my coming home,
And arms that would wide open fly
To clasp me when I come ;

And lips that when the toil of day
 My weary brow oppress,
 Would sweetly kiss the pain-away,
 And cherish me to rest !
 Oh then, whatever toil or care,
 To every day were known,
 For such reward I well could bear—
 But I am all alone !

But it is not my fault, ladies, “ most sweet ladies,” it is not my fault ! nor yours either, my dears ! Doubtless the wife I have long been in search of is somewhere to be found ; but as I do not know *where* that somewhere is, I would thank her to save me the trouble of further search, by sending me word, “ post paid.” That the wrong lady may not apply, I give a description of the right one :

In person decent, and in dress,
 Her manners and her words express
 The decency of mind ;
 Good humour brightens up her face,
 Whore passion never leaves a trace,
 Nor frowns a look unkind.

No vexing sneer, no angry word,
 No scandal from her lips is heard,
 Where truth and sweetness blend ;
 Submission to her husband’s will,
 Her study is to please him still,
 His fond and faithful friend.

She watches his returning way,
 When from the troubles of the day
 He seeks a home of bliss ;
 She runs to meet him with a smile,
 And if no eye be near the while,
 The smile is with a kiss !

Ah ! could I meet with such a wife !
For she would make my weary life
A paradise below !
And surely earth can give the same—
But where she lives, and what her name,
Is—what I wish to know !

As soon as I stepped out of my office, I discovered that the rain, though invisible, was not impalpable. My umbrella, which had been thoroughly soaked in coming to the office, and was still bowed down with a weight of water, flapped in my face and about my ears like the wings of a crippled dragon. My coat flew open, and the skirts “streamed like a meteor to the troubled wind,” while the rain pelted my inexpressibles ; the mud and water entered my water-proof boots by some invisible apertures ; a sudden gust of wind blew the umbrella out of my hands, and myself upon my back. I crawled to my feet and gave chase to the umbrella, limping, hopping, jumping, splashing and floundering along after it ; and succeeded in recovering it just as it was making the best of its way into the North River. I had scarce time to congratulate myself, when another furious gust blew the umbrella inside out ; and another again blew it down with such violence that it broke upon my head and encircled my neck. At this moment I met my cousin, who had stopped at home, and was now on the way to a party to which we had both been invited, but which the influenza had obliged me to decline.

My cousin stopped and laughed. I *tried.*

“ Come,” said my cousin, offering his arm, “ you see I

have borrowed an umbrella ;" and he laughed more than ever. People are very foolish to lend umbrellas.

I would advise you never to walk arm in arm with any body under the same umbrella. Stand as uncomfortably close as you can, still at least one of your shoulders will find itself right under the extremity of the umbrella down which the rain is pouring. I have the rheumatism in my left shoulder.

While I grumbled at every step, my cousin, by way of condolence, hummed the following song—

I'm complaining, I'm complaining,
And good reason why ;
It is raining, it is raining !
When will it be dry ?
I'm complaining, I'm complaining,
For I'm soaking wet,
And 'tis raining, and 'tis raining,
Raining, raining yet !

I'm complaining, I'm complaining,
My umbrella's broke,
And 'tis raining, and 'tis raining,
Plague upon the joke !
I'm complaining, I'm complaining,
Sure a cold I'll get !
And 'tis raining, and 'tis raining,
Raining, raining yet !
Raining, raining, raining, raining,
Raining ! raining yet !

My cousin favored me with the drippings of his umbrella till we reached my boarding-house, when he took leave of me. "Now for a little comfort!" thought I; "a glowing fire, a warm and fragrant cup of coffee, and the Evening

Star." I entered the parlor—not a spark of fire in the grate ! At this *ungrateful* spectacle I hastily retreated to the basement. On throwing open the door I recoiled, like poor Fatima at the first glance of the fatal chamber. Lines crossing each other in every direction stretched from wall to wall, laden with linen dripping from the tub. A red-haired, blue-armed, "green-eyed monster," was splashing the suds in every direction ; and a younger animal of the same species was scrubbing the uncarpeted floor. Two or three green sticks of wood were puffing away in the fireplace, with feeble efforts at burning, and an immense kettle full of soaking clothes hung from the trammel.

I *am* a patient man.

" Why is there no fire up stairs ?"

" The coal is all out, and they ask fifteen dollars a ton : and this is no weather for to get more."

" Where is the coffee ?"

A cupful of cold black water was handed to me by the monster, who held it with her thumb in the midst of it. I took the cup of "coffee" from her, and *looked* at it.

" Where is the paper ?"

" Why we had to tear it up to make the fire burn."

I did not swear. I repeat, I *am* a patient man.

" I will go to bed."

I took a candle and toiled my way to my attic bedroom. I entered—and patience *did* forsake me. The bed was drenched with inverted water-spouts streaming through the roof.

“This, indeed, is too much!” I exclaimed; “all that remains is to poison myself. Yes! I will poison myself! I will take a box of Doolittle’s pills. Adieu, gentle reader! “Adieu! adieu! adieu! remember me!” or forget me, if you like that better. But fare thee well! *Vale! vale!*”

The eye that has seen me
Shall see me no more:
The heart that has loved me
My fate shall deplore.
The worm-tangled sod
My body shall cover,
It oft shall be trod
By friend or by lover,
Nor ever the clod
Their presence discover.

I’ve genius, I’ve fame,
I’ve friends without number,
But the sound of my name
Shall not break on my slumber,
The harp that I sweep
Shall rot in my grave;
My friends can but weep—
They never could save!

Thou beautiful world!
Farewell! and ye skies!
Your glory forever
Must fade from mine eyes!
And I must be hidden
The cold grave within,
To be as a thing
That never had been!

And these were the *last words of a bachelor*—for though I only took the pills—to the window—and threw them out—the next day I ceased to exist—as a bachelor.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



ALTER SCOTT AND WASHINGTON IRVING.

God bless thee, Walter Scott !
For thou hast bless'd mankind,
And flung upon their lot
The brightness of thy mind,
And filled the soul with pleasures
None other can impart,
And stored the mind with treasures,
And purified the heart.
Shame on them who abuse
Their gifts of peerless price,
And prostitute the muse
To passion or to vice !
Who pour into the mind
The bitterness and gall
Which makes us hate mankind,
Ourselves, and heaven and all !
We leave their withering page
For *thine*, with healing rife,
The severed soul assuage,
And drink the stream of life !
Thy shrine is virtue's altar,
Thy fame without a blot ;

God bless thee, dear Sir WALTER !
God bless thee, WALTER SCOTT !

One only son of light
Attends thy cloudless path,
In purity as bright
As thy own spirit hath ;
To charm away distress,
To comfort, to delight,
To teach, to aid, to bless,
He shares thy wizard might.
His muse from virtue's shrine
Has never turned astray,
Nor ever breathed a line
That love could wish away ;
The temple of the free
Is radiant with his fame ;
His country's glory he—
And IRVING is his name.

God's blessing on ye both !
Twin heirs of glory's prize !
How often, when I loathe
All that around me lies,
When, in the crowded world
I feel myself alone,
From all communion hurled
That by the rest is known,

Debarred by fate's control,
From every human sound,
And burying my soul
In solitude profound—
Oh then, ye glorious pair !
I seek the world ye give,
And find a kindred there
With whom I love to live,
Your precious magic nerving
My soul to bear its lot—
God bless thee, gentle IRVING !
God bless thee, WALTER SCOTT !

FOREST MUSINGS.

When I am dead, I would be laid
Within a wood's romantic shade,
With canopying boughs, to wave
Blossoms and leaflets on the grave,
Whose grassy sod, in dew bespangled,
With wilding flowers in beauty tangled,
For I would linger to the last
In scenes of this bewitching cast,
As if in death itself to feel
Their beauty's magic on me steal.

But let us on—the dying day
Reminds us of the lengthened way—
Toiling through tangled wood and brake,
At last we reach the forest-lake,
What time the sun's departing gleams
Mix with the moon's effulging beams,
Which in a dance of splendor quiver
Upon that verdure-girdled river ;
The glory of its beauty lies
An image of the rainbow skies,
In lucid silver here unroll'd,
And burning there with liquid gold ;
In flashing brilliance wreaths between
The ruby's glow, or emerald's green,
And azure blends its softest dye,
(The sweetest tint in woman's eye)—
While midst a rush of darkness flings
The temper of its shadowings !

But we must homeward—scenes so dear !
I leave you—would my home were here !
Scarce in these fairy scenes the name
Of toil, would toil deserve to claim,
While drowning labour's stroke were heard
The carol of the bright-winged bird,
Till pour'd the sun his hottest tide,
When I might fling my tools aside,
And then from the meridian heat
To verdant canopies retreat,

Beneath the shading trees to bask
At leisure from the morning's task,
And by the minstrel-wizard's page
Transport my mind to fancy's stage,
And in his bright creation drown'd
Awhile be from the world unbound ;
While she—my beautiful—my bright—
Bent with my own her eyes of light
Upon the page, and caught the fire
With mine her bosom to inspire ;
And rosy cherubs, on whose faces
Of hers and mine combined the traces,
Around us gambol'd in the free
Wild frolic mirth of infancy,
Or to our arms alternate springing,
Their lips to ours in fondness clinging,
They lisp'd the name of “ Father dear ! ”
A name that I shall never hear !

Though deep is my regret that slumbers
My ear to music's thrilling numbers,
Which in Elysium could embower
My spirit, in the happier hour
Of childhood, when I bending hung
Beside the trembling strings, which rung
Beneath the hand of ivory whiteness,
Whose fingers danced with snowy lightness—

Though deep is my regret that ne'er
Shall nature's music bless my ear,
The warbling of the feather'd throng
Winging to heaven with their glad song,
The torrent's dash, the streamlet's flow,
The slumbering ocean's breathings low,
Or the wild terror of its roar,
Foaming against the rocky shore,
The evening zephyrs' whispered sighs,
The thunder bursting through the skies—

Though deep is my regret that those
Must find my ear against them close,
Were this the only curse ordain'd,
Methinks it might be well sustain'd—
But ah ! my lot indeed is hard
To be from human voice debarr'd !

Though fortune ever on me frown'd,
The smiles of friendship I have found,
And lips of love at times have prest me—
But ah ! their accents never blest me !
At times my heart is almost broken,
To think, of all the accents spoken,
Not one, not even one, shall ever
Address my ear—oh never ! never !

M Y C A P .

My cap ! my well-worn leather cap !
Though time has dimmed thy glossy hue,
Though broken hangs thy useless strap,
And spots obscure thy band of blue,
I would not give thee for the best
That graces fashion's votary ;
So long hast thou my brow carest,
Thou hast become a part of me ;

And happy thoughts, of better worth,
Are born in thy obscure embrace,
Than any diadem of earth
Encircles in its resting place.
With thee on my unhonored head
I con the page of mystic lore,
Explore the lights by genius shed,
And gather wisdom's precious ore.

For years, in every scene of pride
Or joy that it was mine to tread,
My chosen friend was at my side,
And thou, my cap ! upon my head ;
And thus we rambled many a mile,
To witness nature's wildest charms,
To revel in her glorious smile,
Or worship her sublime alarms.

We braved the tempest's furious shock,
In shivering night, or burning day ;
Headlong we leaped from rock to rock,
Or through the forest toil'd our way,
Or wander'd where the rivers glide
In darkness by the tangled cliff,
Or toss'd upon their swelling tide
That sobbed around the shuddering skiff !

With Jerome thou hast seen me share
All the communion friendship knows,
The wildest hope, the deepest care,
The brightest joys, the darkest woes—
To him, then, when I must depart
To lay my head in nature's lap,
For kingdom I'd bequeath my heart,
For diadem—my leather cap !

THE WAR-HORSE.

Job xxxix. 19 to 25.

His neck is encircled with thunder ;
The vallies resound at his tread ;
In the pride of his strength he rejoiceth,
And mocketh at danger and dread ;
He laughs at the sound of the trumpet,
He smelleth the battle afar ;

The thunder of captains, the shouting,
And hastens to be where they are ;
He teareth the ground in his fury,
While rushing away to the field,
Where rattleth the quiver against him,
The glittering spear and the shield !

AN EPISTLE

TO ELEAZER PARMLY.

The loveliest and holiest thing
That may to human vision spring
Is infancy, whose cherub charms
Are cradled in the mother's arms.
What awe its beauty should command !
Fresh from the consecrating hand
Of its Creator, we may trace
The tints of heaven upon its face,
And in its sweet and sinless eyes,
The glories of its native skies.

Now pillow'd on the yielding breast,
It softly sinks to balmy rest ;
But ah ! what fiend disturbs its dreams ?
It starts awake—it cries—it screams—

The mother's soothing words are vain
To calm the agony of pain—
In vain the kiss, the soft caress,
The looks that worlds of love express—
No charm can lull the pain to sleep—
The mother can no more but weep.

What sudden fear suspends her breath ?
Before her glides the phantom death—
She clasps her babe in terror wild—
“ Strike—if thou wilt—but *not* my child !”

Now turn we to the brilliant scene,
Where beauty moves, a peerless queen ;
Behold that bright and glorious one,
Amid a thousand stars the sun !
Oh never yet did eye behold
A form more perfect ! for the mould
Of every feature, were a charm
That would alone all blame disarm
Were all imperfect else—but all
Are perfect—sculptor could not call
From his poetic dreams a grace
That is not breathing o'er that face,
Nor with such soft celestial streak
Could aptest painter tinge the cheek.

Her noble forehead, high and fair,
With majesty doth beauty share ;

The liquid azure of the skies
Is imaged in her melting eyes :
Her sunny tresses roll to deck
The marble of her brow and neck,
Beautiful as the golden rings
That float upon a seraph's wings !

Gazing upon her, you could weep
In raptures passionate and deep—
But when she smiles—oh then is felt
The heart in gushing pleasure melt !

But ah ! that smile forsakes her face,
And writhing pain usurps the place :
The voice that gush'd in liquid words,
Sweet as the song of summer birds,
Now quivers with convulsive sighs,
And tears bedim the sunny eyes.

High on his throne of glory sits
The conqueror of Austerlitz :
Above him conquest's wings unfurl'd,
And at his feet a trembling world !
His lordly glance he proudly flings
On shivered thrones and crouching kings :
Surpassing all of mortal birth,
He deems himself a god on earth !
But lo ! a sudden thrill of pain
That shoots through every nerve and vein ;

And he who saw with marble eye,
And cheek unblanched, his millions die,
And rush'd himself to death's embrace,
To grapple with him face to face—
The man of iron, deigns to own
His mortal nature by a groan !

What power this demon can disarm,
No infant innocence can charm,
Nor roseate childhood's budding flower,
Nor beauty in her proudest hour ;
Nor stern philosophy enthrall,
Nor valour that could conquer all.

That power, my friend, that power is thine,
For whom this humble wreath I twine ;
How many a mother's anxious heart
Has blest thee and thy skilful art,
While snatch'd from pain, the cherub child
Look'd in thy face—and grateful smiled—
How often beauty's glorious blaze
Upon thee beams with thankful rays—
And godlike genius, which careers
Sublime through systems, suns, and spheres,
Freed by thy science from the pain
That dragged its flight to earth again,
Upon its wing would waft thy name
To place it with the stars of fame.

With these permit a youthful friend
His humbler offering to blend
Nor wealth nor fame to him belong—
So take—his friendship and a song !

THE PICTURE.

“ On revient toujours à ses premiers amours.”

I glanced at a picture ;
I paused with delight ;
A vision of beauty
Return'd to my sight ;
The years of my boyhood
Rush'd back to my soul,
When love first awaken'd
Its witching control.

I gazed at the picture—
The heavenly glow—
The ringlets of raven,
The forehead of snow,
The lip of a seraph,—
And—sweetest to me—
The eyes of pure heaven—
All whisper'd of thee !

First love of my bosom !
Bright star of my youth !
Whom still I have worshipp'd
In silence and truth—
Though long I have shunn'd thee,
As thou wert forgot,
Too noble to wish thee
My wearisome lot—

And trusting a better
Ere long thou shouldst meet,
The treasures of fortune,
To lay at thy feet ;
No selfish impression
Had place in my breast ;
And the bliss that I sought,
Was to know thou wert blest.

One glance at a picture
Has shook my repose,
And open'd the fountains
I struggled to close,
And sent me to whisper
The voice of my heart,
And to ask if thy own
Can an echo impart.

I'll battle with fortune,
I'll struggle for fame,
Till the halo of glory
Encircles my name ;
And lord of the treasures
By genius unrolled,
I'll envy no mortal
Whose treasure is—gold !

No fortune I offer
To dazzle thy sight,
But name that is spotless,
And fame that is bright ;
A mind that is gifted,
A heart that is pure,
A soul whose affection
Shall ever endure.

Hast thou too remember'd
The dream of our youth,
And cherish'd its flame
On the altar of truth ?
The star of my home
And my heart, wilt thou shine ?
My chosen ! my cherub !
Say—wilt thou be mine ?

I triumph ! I triumph !
She yields to my claim,
Preferring to fortune
My love and my fame !
The man has accomplish'd
'The dream of the boy !
Thou friend of my bosom !
Rejoice in my joy !

MY WIFE.

A wife—no flame of fickle glow
For wanton moths to flutter round,
No soulless picture for a show,
No slave in fashion's fetters bound ;
No dressed-up doll, for vain parade,
No toy for pleasure's giddy dance,
No trifling fool, by caprice swayed,
No prude that chills the heart's romance ;
Though such a thousand charms may own,
And fortune, boundless as the sea,
Or even beckon from a throne,
Oh, such is not the wife for me !

But give me one whose youth has sprung
Ensanceturaried in her home,

The dear domestic ties among
From which our holiest feelings come ;
Where like a flower of Eden sweet,
She breathes all love and purity—
Oh, were it mine with such to meet !
For such should be the wife for me !

A wife !—I in a wife would find
A ministering angel's part,
To soothe my vexed and wearied mind,
To balm and bless my wounded heart ;
To pillow on her gentle breast
My aching head, and while her kiss
My brow of agony caressed,
To change its throbs to thrills of bliss.

Or if in lingering pain I lay,
To hover near my restless bed,
With care unwearied night and day,
With angel look, and fairy tread ;
To do whate'er may do me good—
And if a murmur from me breaks,
To bear with every wayward mood
The fretfulness of pain awakes.

In better hours with heart and soul
My pleasures, hopes, and views to share,
And when misfortunes on us roll,
To bear, and teach me how to bear.

With me on pious knee to fall
Before our God, and from above
Upon each other's head to call
The choicest blessings of his love.

"Through good or ill, through storm or shine,"
In sickness, poverty, or death,
To cling to me, entirely mine,
Unchanging to her latest breath :
To gratify my least desire,
To all my wants to minister—
All this from her I would require—
All this and more I'd do for her.

For such a wife, in every part
My anxious glance had long been cast ;
But dearest ! now I read thy heart,
And know that she is found at last !

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PEOP

FROM THE FRENCH.

He and his glory shall be long
The theme of fireside tale and song.
In fifty years there shall be known
No history, but *his* alone,

Within the humble cottage, where
At eve the peasants shall repair,
And to some reverend dame shall say ;
“ By stories of a former day,
Good mother, help us pass the time—
Oh speak of *him*, that man sublime !

Though some, his fame to dim,
Pretend that he has wrought us ill,
The people all revere him still,
Revere him still, revere him still—
Good mother speak of *him* ! ”

“ My children, in my early life,
When I had scarce become a wife,
He pass'd this village with a train
Of kings—a better view to gain,
I stood upon a hill—he came
Anon, and climbed the very same.
He was not marked by proud array,
But well his riding-hood of grey
And little hat we knew.

I trembled when I saw him near—
He spoke to me—“ Good day, my dear—
Good day, my dear—Good day, my dear.”
“ *Ah ! did he speak to you ?* ”

“ I saw him the succeeding year
At Paris with his court appear,

Upon his way to Notre Dame.

All eyes admired his splendour's flame;
But when he smiled, that smile so sweet,
It made all hearts with rapture beat!

'Behold,' were our exulting cries,
'Behold the favourite of the skies !

Still to his fortune true,
They crown his wishes every one,
They bless him with a lovely son—
A lovely son—a lovely son.'

"*What happy times for you !*"

But when our country fell at last,
A prey to hireling strangers cast,
He braved all perils round her thrown,
And seem'd to keep the field alone.

One day I heard a knock—to me
It seems but yesterday to be—
The door I open'd—and good God !
'Twas he !—with weary step he trod—

He sunk into this chair—
Behind him came an escort slight—
He sigh'd and said, 'Oh fatal fight !
Oh fatal fight ! Oh fatal fight !'

"*Ah ! was he seated there ?*"

"He said, 'I'm hungry ;' and in haste
I bread and wine before him placed,

And by the fireside here he slept—
Awaking, he perceived I wept—
He said to me—‘ *Bonne esperance !*
I hasten to avenge my France,
And shield you from all ill !’
He went—his glass I’ve treasured well—
Its worth to me ill could I tell—
Ill could I tell—ill could I tell !”
Ah ! have you got it still ?”

“ See, here it is !—But he was borne
To ruin we must ever mourn !
He whom the Holy Father crown’d
And consecrated—he has found
Upon a desert isle his grave !
We to his death no credence gave
At first—‘ He comes to set us free !
The stranger shall his master see
Again !’ we fondly said—
But when at last his real fate
Was known too well, my grief was great—
My grief was great—my grief was great !”
God’s blessings on your head !”

YOUNG NAPOLEON AT HIS FATHER'S GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SAPPHIR.

The king of Rome in slumber
In Schonbrun's garden lies ;
Sees not the light of heaven,
Sees not the vaulted skies ;
Far on a foreign island
Reclines Napoleon ;
Lies not with his own people,
Lies not beside his son ;
Lies not amid his marshals,
The pillars of his throne,
Lies not among his soldiers,
In Europe, once his own ;
But buried deep in darkness,
Mid circling seas and skies,
Chained to a rock forever
The dead Prometheus lies.

Where scorching sunbeams wither
Trunk, leaf, and branch and all,
The mighty Emperor slumbers,
“ The little Corporal ! ”
No flowers above him flourish,
No cypress branches wave ;
In sight of all creation,
No pilgrim seeks his grave.

Thus many years he slumbers,
Deserted and alone ;
When hark ! there comes at midnight
A knock upon the stone ;
A knock—a gentle whisper
But of no mortal breath :
“ Wake up ! wake up ! thou hero !
Wake from the sleep of death !”
Another knock and whisper ;
“ Rise mighty Emperor !
Here to thy court with tidings
Comes earth’s ambassador !”
Another knock and whisper :
“ Rise father ! take me home !
My soul has come in lightning !
Thy only child has come !”

Earth crumbles—marble sunders,
And heaves aside the lid,
That long of the dead hero
The awful ashes hid,
And then its fleshless finger
Th’ imperial corpse extends,
To show his heir of glory
His empire’s farthest end.

“ Look down into my palace,
My dear, my only son !

Again do I behold thee,
My child—Napoleon !
Survey the ground beneath me,
The walls on either hand ;
The length and breadth thou seest
Of all thy father's land !”
Then hand in hand they grappled
In skeleton embrace ;
And lip to lip caressing,
They nestled face to face ;
The grave closed in that moment
On father and on son ;
And vanished in that moment
The House, Napoleon !

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZEDLIZ.

The drummer from his grave
At midnight seeks the ground,
And drumming up and down
Parades around and round ;
Fast in his fleshless grasp
The drumsticks rise and fall,
To roll the reveille
And beat the muster-call.

And as the drum gives out
Its wild and awful sound,
The dead old soldiers rise
From slumber under ground ;
Those frozen into stone
In deepest northern snows,
Those who in fervid sun
Of Italy repose,
Those hid in slime of Nile,
Or in Arabia's sand—
All start up from their graves,
And take the sword in hand !

And wakes the trumpeter
When midnight shadows frown,
And blows a stirring blast,
And gallops up and down ;
And forth on airy steeds
Dead riders swiftly pass,
The veteran bands of blood
With arms of every class :
Forth from the helmed skull
Gleams out the spectral eye,
And waves the bony hand
The flashing sword on high.

Now comes at midnight hour
The General from his grave,

Surrounded by his staff
The bravest of the brave.
Upon a courser white
He slowly rides his way ;
He wears a little hat,
A riding-hood of gray,
The moon with golden light
Illumes the spacious plain ;
He of the little hat
Surveys the martial train,
Which at his summons shook
The world with war's alarms ;
The ranks at his approach
Present and shoulder arms :
Then all the army files
Along with clinking sound ;
The marshals and the chiefs
Their General close around.

The leader breathes a word
Into his neighbour's ear,
And round and round it goes
In whispers far and near,
And round and round it goes
Still echoed far and nigh—
The word "*St. Helena!*"
And "*France!*" the battle-cry.

This is the great parade
That every midnight yields,
Which the dead Cæsar holds
In the Elysian fields.

THE BIRTH OF PRINTING.

FROM THE DUTCH OF TOLLENS.

With glowing face and beaming eye,
Earth's angel turned to the most High,
While hell was moved with ire ;
He bowed before the godhead's throne
Until the will supreme was known,
Then from the beams that round him shone
He caught a radiant fire.
Away through systems and through spheres,
With floating wing he downward steers,
More nigh to earth, and nigher.

Now o'er the cloud-encircled sphere
He hovers, still more near and near ;
And now a moment stays
On doubtful wing, to watch the whole,
While kingdoms, states, and nations roll
Alternate on his gaze.
He searches all, to find the place
Most worthy upon earth to grace
With the celestial rays.

At last he saw a little spot,
Neglected, humble, and forgot,
 The lowest at his feet ;
But from the sea, its place of birth,
Soon to arise the pearl of earth,
 For heaven a jewel meet.
That spot still keeping in his sight,
With rapid wing he speeds his flight,
 Descending from on high—
Then down he pours, in dazzling blaze,
The glory of the sacred rays
 He ushered from the sky.

At once through clouds and vapours streams
The sacred fire, with flashing beams
 To Netherland it flies ;
And there remains, forever bright,
The ray of heaven, creation's light,
 The sun of mental eyes.

Among the groves while *Koster strayed,
Deep-musing in their quivering shade,
 Some blessing to impart—
Behold the god-born spirit rushes
Upon him—light around him gushes
 And flashes to his heart !—

* Laurent Koster, to whom the invention of printing is ascribed, least by his own countrymen.

He feels—he welcomes—through his veins
It tingles—Earth ! thy glory reigns !
Behold the printer's art !

SPRING IS COMING.

Spring is coming ! spring is coming !
Birds are chirping, insects humming ;
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping ;
Streams, escaped from winter's keeping,
In delighted freedom rushing,
Dance along in music gushing.

Scenes, of late in deadness saddened,
Smile in animation gladdened :
All is beauty, all is mirth,
All is glory upon earth ;
Shout we then with nature's voice,
“ Welome spring ! rejoice ! rejoice !”

Spring is coming ! come, my brother,
Let us wander with each other
To our well remembered wildwood,
Flourishing in nature's childhood,
Where a thousand birds are singing
And a thousand flowers are springing.

When the dancing sunbeams quiver
On the forest-shaded river ;
Let our youth of feeling out
To the youth of nature shout,
While the waves repeat our voice—
“ Welcome spring ! rejoice ! rejoice ! ”

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

Though father and mother
Forbid me thy sight,
Though sister and brother
Against us unite,
Though all that surround us
To part us assay,
From all will I win thee—
Love will find out the way.

Though oceans may sunder,
Or mountains may close,
Or tempests may thunder
The path to oppose ;
Though earthquakes between us
The abyss may display,
Through all will I win thee—
Love will find out the way.

Through forest and desert,
Through flood and through flame,
Through pain and thro' peril,
Through sorrow and shame,
Through darkness and danger,
By night or by day,
Through death and destruction,
Love will find out the way.

Yes, I will regain thee,
My chosen, my best !
My bird ! thou shalt nestle
Again in my breast ;
This heart for thy refuge,
This arm for thy stay,
I will guard thee forever—
Love will find out the way.

THE SUN.

Come forth, thou glorious sun !
And brighten up the skies,
And smile the world upon,
Whose life is in thine eyes !
Thou beautiful and bright !
Come to thy throne of day,
Within whose mellow light
My soul would melt away !

He comes ! he comes ! he blesses
Creation like a god ;
And flings his golden tresses
Of glory all abroad !
Look up, my soul, forsaken
But now by every one,
To greet thy friend awaken—
The sun ! the lovely sun !

WHAT SHOULD WE DO, MY BROTHER?

Where pleasant fields are growing,
Where rocks are tossed on high,
Where streams in music flowing
Delight the ear and eye,
Where rivalling each other,
Fair scenes invite our choice,
What should we do, my brother ?
Rejoice ! we should rejoice !

Where woods in tangled wildness
Oppose our weary way,
Where bowers in shady mildness
Invite a sweet delay,

Where wild birds to each other
Their blithesome carols voice,
What should we do, my brother ?
Rejoice ! we should rejoice !

When slowly home returning,
While moonlight's golden streams
Refresh the veins, still burning
With day's departing beams,
While cheering on each other
With songs of merry voice,
What should we do, my brother ?
Rejoice ! we should rejoice !

A WINTER ASPIRATION.

Oh come, thou beautiful spirit of spring,
Let the demon of winter before thee fly,
While the gentle fan of thy delicate wing
Repels the ardour of summer's eye !
Oh come, with thy infant fruits and flowers,
Thy sunny smiles and thy fragrant showers !
Oh come ! oh come !

Oh come, and preserve us from tempest and cold,
With thy beautiful calm and thy delicate heat !

Oh come, and the thousands of beauties unfold
That lie in concealment thy welcome to greet!
Oh come, to thy desolate bridegroom, the earth!
Restore him to beauty, to love, and to mirth!
Oh come! oh come!



SONG OF AUSTERLITZ.

“ Pass the word from left to right !”
At the voice which fate controls,
Onward, with determined souls,
Column after column rolls,
Forward—forward—
Forward—forward—
Forward to the fight !

See, they to the charge advance ;
See as either column wheels,
Every foe before them reels—
Hark ! the mighty chorus peals—
“ The Emperor !, the Emperor !
The Emperor and France !”

Hark ! the thunders nearer draw !
Dripping with a thousand gashes,
To his chief a hero dashes,
Triumph from his features flashes—
“ Victory ! Victory !
Victory—hurrah !”

See the chief with kind endeavour
Lifts the foe that sought his fate,
Mercy smiling upon hate !
Hail to him, the good and great !
Napoleon ! Napoleon !
Napoleon forever !

MY PRETTY BIRDS.

My pretty birds, as sweet your song,
And of as blithesome kind,
As when you winged your flight along
By but the skies confined ;
Though severed from your native bowers,
And caged in narrow space,
As gay ye carol through your hours
As in your native place.

And grateful to the tender hand
That watches o'er your need,
Your little hearts with love expand,
While from that hand ye feed ;
And this is well—ye need not mourn
The scenes that ye have lost,
For there the pangs ye might have borne
Of famine or of frost.

But man less wise—restrained from ill
By the Almighty's bars,
The rage to have his erring will
His spirit's music jars.
My birds, my sweet philosophers,
May I your wisdom learn,
And welcoming what God confers,
To His protection turn.

BRIDAL SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

With the hood of thy mother
Bedeck thee, fair maiden,
And put on her ribbons
Thy tresses to braiden ;
With the fillet of care,
And the bandage of duty
Encircle, fair maiden,
The brow of thy beauty.
And weep not, oh weep not
In thy bridal array !
Thou wilt weep all thy life
If thou weepest to-day.

In the seat of thy mother
Be seated, fair maiden,
And walk in her footsteps,
With blessings beladen.
Nay, why shouldst thou weep
In the moment of gladness,
Look up to thy lover,
And banish thy sadness;
Oh chase from thy beauty
The shadows away,
And smile all thy life
As thou smilest to-day !

WEDDED LOVE.

I may not call to grandeur's hall
The lady of my heart;
I have not power or wealthy dower
My true love to impart;
I bid her from a sphere to come
That far is mine above;
Yet shall not this impair the bliss
That hails our wedded love.

She will not grieve a home to leave
Magnificent in pride,
In lonely cot to share my lot,
Obscurely there to hide ;
Though desolate of friend or mate,
Save me and God above,
Yet shall not this impair the bliss
That hails our wedded love.

She has been nurst among the first
And proudest of the land,
Where from her head all danger fled,
At fortune's magic wand :
But ill my bower in stormy hour
Can shield my gentle dove ;
Yet shall not this impair the bliss
That hails our wedded love.

I every day a tender lay
Shall waken to her name,
And every night to throne of might
Shall kneel to bless the same ;
For years and years, through smiles and tears,
I'll prize her all above ;
And well shall this insure the bliss
That hails our wedded love.

A THOUGHT OF THE PAST.

The steed and his rider
Are crumbled to dust ;
The bride and the bridegroom
Are gone—as we must—
The castle has fallen—
Its place is unknown—
And the house that we live in
Shall leave not a stone.

Armies and nations
To ruin are hurl'd ;
Victors and vanquish'd
Are swept from the world ;
Like the leaves of the forest,
Forgotten they fall—
What leaflet can murmur
At faring as all ?

REST, BABY, REST !

Rest, baby, rest ! rest, baby, rest !
Thy pillow is a mother's breast,
Which heaves and falls with throbs of joy
Beneath thy cherub head, my boy !
Upon the heart that loves thee best,
Rest, baby, rest ! rest, baby, rest !

Sleep, baby, sleep ! sleep, baby, sleep !
And closer to thy shelter creep ;
Thy cradle is a mother's heart—
Watch'd by a mother's eyes thou art,
Which could for very fondness weep—
Sleep, baby, sleep ! sleep, baby, sleep !

My boy ! my own and only boy !
Thy father's pride ! thy mother's joy !
May God thy future being keep
As sinless as thy infant sleep !
May dreams as pure thy life employ,
My boy, my bright and blessed boy !

ON THE DEATH OF MY DOG BOZ.

Since nothing dies but something mourns,
Poor Boz ! I well may mourn for thee,
Nor heed the stoic pride that scorns
Affection's tear of sympathy.

And while upon the turf I tread
With which thy mangled relics blend,
I feel as if it might be said,
Here sleeps my best and truest friend !

For when on all thy love and truth,
Docility and zeal I dwell,
I cannot help but ask, in sooth,
What human heart has loved so well ?

And can it be ! but yesterday
A thing of life in every limb,
Now scudding o'er the fields in play,
Now dashing in the waves to swim ;

Or crouching at thy master's feet
With look of grave intelligence,
His every word and glance to meet
With fond, though silent eloquence ;

Or rising in thy honest pride,
With gnashing teeth, and eyes of flame,
To battle at thy master's side
If near a doubtful stranger came.

And can it be that thou art dead !
It warns me all must life resign—
Oh, may as fervent tears be shed
Upon my grave, as fall on thine !

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A merry, merry christmas !
Hark to the song of earth !
Fain would I swell the chorus
Though mine no heart for mirth ;
But to thy presence, lady,
I come, thy joy to share,
And in the light of beauty
Forget the clouds of care.

A merry, merry christmas !
It surely shall be thine,
For peace and joy are angels
That wait on virtue's shrine ;
Their smile shall never brighten
The sinner's troubled breast,
But they shall bless thee, lady,
For innocence is blest !

A merry, merry christmas !
And may thy cloudless heart
Receive the same enjoyment
It can to mine impart !
Thy voice in witching sweetness
To other hearts can wind,
But it is mine to treasure
The music of thy mind !

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

That we for riper years should stay,
Though coldly thou declardest,
I tell thee, in the bloom of May
The flower of love is fairest.
All who have loved must know the truth
That love with time is flying ;
It blooms but in the bloom of youth,
Its power with beauty dying.
To beauty, by her magic strung,
Love consecrates his lyre,
And none, except the fair and young,
Its accents can inspire.
That we for riper years should stay,
Though coldly thou declardest,
I tell thee, in the bloom of May
The flower of love is fairest !

MY LOVE LOVES ME.

Oh there is a song
That the young heart sings !
That forth in a fountain
Of music springs,

As fresh as the dance
Of the streams set free—
“ I love my love,
And my love loves me !”

Sweetest and dearest,
Fondest and best,
While with thy presence
No longer blest,
My heart murmurs o'er,
As it strays to thee,
“ I love my love,
And my love loves me !”

And thou, my beloved,
When I leave thy sight,
It soothes me to think
That thou wilt delight
To murmur the song
I taught to thee,
“ I love my love,
And my love loves me !”

We heed not the pleasures
To others known,
A better and dearer
Is ours alone,

To whisper our hearts
 In their secret glee,
 "I love my love,
 And my love loves me!"

And oh! when again
 I welcome thy face,
 When again I clasp thee
 In fond embrace,
 To me wilt thou whisper,
 And I to thee,
 "I love my love,
 And my love loves me!"

LINES TO A LITTLE GIRL.

WRITTEN UNDER A SKETCH OF CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN.

When children came the Saviour nigh,
 And those around forbade them,
 "Forbid them not!" was his reply,
 And on his breast he laid them;
 He took them in his arms of love,
 With sacred kiss he prest them,
 And to his Father's throne above,
 His prayer ascending blest them!

And thus, my bright-eyed cherub child,
While fondly I caress thee,
I pray that as on them he smiled,
His smile of love may bless thee ;
And when by thine ascending wing
This world shall be forsaken,
To Jesus may thy spirit spring,
And to his breast be taken !

TO MIGNONNE.

Sweet Mignonne ! thou whose love and truth
Unchanged through every trial past,
From childhood's dawn to noon of youth,
My best beloved ! my first and last !
At fortune's clouds shall I repine,
While beams thy love, so sweet a star ?
Or for her treasures care, while mine
Thy heart ? a treasure dearer far !

How often, when my spirit feels
The weight of ills too hard to bear,
Thy dear remembrance on me steals,
To save me from my soul's despair !

A ministering angel's part
Is thine, to pour affection's balm
Upon my often wounded heart,
And all my soul's convulsions calm !

How oft in childhood when oppress'd
Thou found'st me in my hour of pain,
Thy hand my throbbing brow caress'd
Till pleasure thrill'd its every vein !
That touch—it was enough to heal—
And ever, in my suffering hours,
I sigh again that touch to feel
And bless its sweet and soothing powers.

All other hope—all other joy,
Have fled—no matter—let them go !
But may no power thy love destroy,
The only comfort I may know !
Thy innocent affection makes
My all of heaven that earth can give ;
And till that love thy heart forsakes,
I can through every sorrow live !

And thus, my bright-eyed cherub child,
While fondly I caress thee,
I pray that as on them he smiled,
His smile of love may bless thee ;
And when by thine ascending wing
This world shall be forsaken,
To Jesus may thy spirit spring,
And to his breast be taken !

TO MIGNONNE.

Sweet Mignonne ! thou whose love and truth
Unchanged through every trial past,
From childhood's dawn to noon of youth,
My best beloved ! my first and last !
At fortune's clouds shall I repine,
While beams thy love, so sweet a star ?
Or for her treasures care, while mine
Thy heart ? a treasure dearer far !

How often, when my spirit feels
The weight of ills too hard to bear,
Thy dear remembrance on me steals,
To save me from my soul's despair !

A ministering angel's part
Is thine, to pour affection's balm
Upon my often wounded heart,
And all my soul's convulsions calm !

How oft in childhood when oppress'd
Thou found'st me in my hour of pain,
Thy hand my throbbing brow caress'd
Till pleasure thrill'd its every vein !
That touch—it was enough to heal—
And ever, in my suffering hours,
I sigh again that touch to feel
And bless its sweet and soothing powers.

All other hope—all other joy,
Have fled—no matter—let them go !
But may no power thy love destroy,
The only comfort I may know !
Thy innocent affection makes
My all of heaven that earth can give ;
And till that love thy heart forsakes,
I can through every sorrow live !

GREATNESS.

Greatness is only greatness *in itself* ;
It rests not on externals, nor its worth
Derives from gorgeous pomp or glittering pelf,
Or chance of arms, or accident of birth ;
It lays its deep foundations in the soul,
And piles a tower of virtues to the skies,
Around whose pinnacle majestic roll
The clouds of glory, starred with angel eyes.

THE END.

ג

